

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XXVI. }

No. 1827.—June 21, 1879.

{ From Beginning,
{ Vol. CXL.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

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IMMORTALITY.

ARE they looking down upon us,
Loved ones who have gone before?
In a world of light and glory
Do they love us as of yore?
Are the bright eyes closed in slumber
Oped and gazing from on high,
Beaming with a clearer vision,
Watching o'er us, yea, for aye?

Do they know our thoughts and feelings,
Know our inmost hearts to read?
Do they mourn when we are tempted?
When we fail to sow good seed?
Are they watching, are they waiting
For the coming of our feet?
Will the same fond hearts receive us?
Will the same sweet voices greet?

Who shall say they are not with us?
Men of science and of lore,
Can you tell us, with your wisdom,
As you o'er your volumes pore,
If the heavens are far beyond us—
If those realms are high above?
Or a region all around us,
Where God's messengers of love

Are uplifting human creatures,
Helping them each day and hour,
Better to sustain their burdens,
Better yet to know his power?
Or is it a world of glory,
All divided from our own,
Where no influence can mingle
With the trials earth hath known?

Oh, for hope that comes to gladden,
Oh, for faith that doth assure
That our loved ones have not left us,
Though immortal now, and pure,
They are still beside us walking,
Though unseen by mortal eye;
They are working in his vineyard,
They are with the Father, nigh.

LYDIA M. FAVOR.

THE PEOPLES.

ITALIAN LEGEND.

WHEN the fair world from chaos rose complete,
And seas and rivers flashed 'neath affluent light,
And wild birds carolled their first praises sweet,
And trees and flowers awoke to beauty bright;
To four great angels came the Lord's commands,
"Make four great peoples for the silent lands."
First good St. George the master's mandate heard,
And shaped, of the pure gold and lead he chose,

A being readier in the deed than word,
Firm to its friends, and stubborn to its foes;
And, on the strong winds' pinions sweeping forth,
He planted England, steadfast in the north.

A glittering bladder St. Iago took,
A fox's heart, a fell wolf's fang within,
And so together craft and venom shook,
Flung o'er their ugliness a tiger's skin,
Fixed his creation on an olive plain,
And, turning from his labor, named it Spain.

St. Denis laughed, and caught a sunbeam flying;
Bound it in silken knots, and watched it glance
In rosy clouds its airy streamers dyeing,
And called the valleys where it lighted, France;
But he forgot to weight the ray, 'tis said,
Nor heeded that he stained the ribbons red.

And great St. Michael took a sister beam,
A kiss, a rose, a grape, a silver lyre,
A velvet mask, a poniard's evil gleam,
A thrilling echo from the angelic choir,
And blent them with the glorious gift of art,
A poet's fancy, and a pure child's heart:

Italy! Italy! and with a smile,
He placed his work 'mid sun and flowers to glow,

But Lucifer had watched him all the while,
Fitting a poisoned arrow to his bow,
Lest Michael had his evil work defied,
And Eden lived again on Tiber side.

The arrow quivered in the rose's heart,
And jarred the music on the silver string;
And still it rankles deep, the Devil's dart,
While age on age fresh names the deadly thing;

"Priestcraft," or "Cruelty," or "Superstition,"

So bearing witness to the old tradition.

All The Year Round.

SONG.

SAID the wind, "I know she is fair,
For I toyed with her golden hair,
And the ringlets' unheeded flow
Rested light on a breast of snow."

And the rosebud whispered, "She's sweet,
For in kisses her lips I meet,
And my fragrance the deeper grows
From the rose on her lips that glows."

And the sky said, "I know she is true,
For I gaze in her eyes so blue,
When she lifts them to me in prayer,
And all heaven is mirrored there."

And my heart—my heart said to me,
"All that wind, sky and rosebud see,
Fairness, fragrance and truth are thine,"
For I love her, and she is mine.

Transcript.

E. G.

From The Quarterly Review.
THE SECRET CORRESPONDENCE OF
LOUIS XV.*

"STORY, God bless you, I have none to tell, sir!" "King's secret!" there is no secret: nothing at any rate like what is commonly called a secret, or what the title of the book named at the head of this article would lead the unsophisticated reader to suppose. This title—a clear misnomer—is simply the designation prescriptively assigned to a miscellaneous correspondence which it was the whim of Louis XV. to keep concealed from his ministers and his mistresses. It relates exclusively to public events; and his Majesty's motives for commencing and sustaining it might well baffle enquiry and speculation, if indeed there were any use in speculating on the motives of a monarch so thoroughly *blasé* or "used-up" that any kind of distraction or excitement was a relief.

The book will be valued for the light it throws on some doubtful points of history; but its main attraction is derived from the character of the principal agent, the Comte de Broglie, one of the most remarkable men of any age, who, after receiving scant justice from contemporaries, was in imminent danger of being completely ignored or forgotten by posterity. The revival and illustration of his memory have fortunately devolved upon a distinguished member of his family who has every qualification for the task. The Duc de Broglie is a statesman, a scholar, an accomplished man of the world; and the high position he has attained as a writer will be enhanced by this work; which challenges admiration by the selection and arrangement of the materials, the general justness and good taste of the reflections, and the graceful correctness of the style. The political life and adventures of the hero are so artistically worked out as not unfrequently to attain the interest of a drama or romance. But to follow them

with pleasure and profit, it is essential to be acquainted with the political state of Europe when he first appears upon the stage.

"After that peace," says Voltaire, referring to the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle (1748), "Christian Europe remained divided as it were into two great parties, who dealt cautiously with one another, and each sustained the balance on its own side. The states of the empress-queen of Hungary, a portion of Germany, Russia, England, Holland, and Sardinia, composed one of these factions; the other was formed by France, Spain, the two Sicilies, Prussia, and Sweden. All the powers remained in arms, and a lasting tranquillity was to be hoped for from the very fear with which these two halves of Europe seemed to inspire one another." No mention is made of Poland, and the Duc de Broglie accounts for the omission by the fashion, then prevalent in France, of affected indifference towards a country which had come to be associated in the French mind with failure and disgrace; but, as he remarks, "we have only to cast our eyes upon a map to perceive how important a part this division of Europe into two well-balanced halves must have assigned to a kingdom peopled with soldiers, placed, as it were, between the scales of the balance on the rear of Austria, equidistant from Russia and Prussia, in the centre of all the contending interests, and on the road of all the armies."

Nor was it merely geographical position that conferred importance on Poland and made it unceasingly the focus of diplomatic intrigue and the object of Machiavellian ambition, till it was broken up. Its institutions seemed formed for the express purpose of creating civil dissension and inviting foreign interference. The monarchy was elective; the electors being the nobles, computed at more than one hundred thousand. They also elected the Diet, and stood towards the rest of the people nearly in the same relation as the Athenians or Spartans to their slaves. The most complete equality, legally if not practically, prevailed amongst the privileged class; and any one, the poorest or weakest, could negative the collective res-

* 1. *Le Secret du Roi: Correspondance Secrète de Louis XV. avec ses Agents Diplomatiques, 1752-1774.* Par le Duc de Broglie, de l'Académie Française. Deux volumes. Paris, 1879.

2. *The King's Secret: being the Secret Correspondence of Louis XV. with his Diplomatic Agents, from 1752 to 1774.* By the Duke de Broglie. Two volumes. London, Paris, and New York, 1879.

olutions of the rest. It may be taken for granted that, in rude times, rough and ready measures were employed to produce unanimity. There is a tradition of a solitary dissident rising from behind a stove to pronounce the privileged veto, when a sabre-flash was seen, and before the word had well left his lips, his head was rolling on the floor. But the ordinary tactics of a minority appear to have resembled those of the Irish Home Rulers. They created obstructions and delayed the course of legislation till the sitting, limited to six weeks, came regularly to an end. Caussidière, the prefect of Paris during the most turbulent months of 1848, boasted of having restored order by disorder. This was the Polish method of righting matters. The majority formed themselves into a confederation, and either usurped temporarily the conduct of affairs or supported the reigning monarch in providing for the safety of the State. Quoting Voltaire, who compared this *régime* to the government of the Goths and Franks in their migratory state, the Duc de Broglie exclaims:—

It was really so, and never was definition more exact. Let us picture to ourselves one hundred and fifty thousand gentlemen holding in servitude an entire population attached to the soil; all the members of this noble democracy legally equal among themselves; all with lance in rest or sword in hand; all equally entitled to compete with, or to pretend to, the government of the commonwealth, no decree being valid except by their unanimous consent, the majority, however, possessing the right of organizing its resistance in private confederation, whereby civil war was admitted among the number of allowable customs, if not of legal institutions. Let us picture a king borne upon shields in a plenary assembly to which each noble came armed on horseback; the power emerging from these stormy waves not only elective, but conditional, and enjoying no other prerogatives than those with which a special convention, renewed at the commencement of each reign, was pleased to have it invested; no police, the mere phantom of a standing army, but a cloud of undisciplined cavaliers always ready at the first call; justice itself administered by the elect of a victorious faction, presiding at their tribunals with their swords by their side: was not this the political *régime* of a conquering emigration, or,

so to speak, of a solidified tide of invasion?*

The partition of Poland was contemplated in 1658, more than a hundred years before it actually took place; and to the greater powers in her immediate vicinity she was thenceforth the "sick man" whose inheritance they had determined to appropriate. France, not being conterminous, was less immediately concerned in Polish affairs, but Poland was too important a piece on the European chess-board to be neglected by any State engaged in the animated game of the balance of power; and French kings were found little less anxious to be royally represented at Warsaw, than to regulate the Spanish succession and practically efface the Pyrenees. Signally failing in Spain, where they had many chances in their favor, it is no matter of surprise that they failed in the far-off country, on which they had no means of operating except by corruption and intrigue. The Duke of Anjou (afterwards Henri III.) was hardly allowed time for his coronation before he became perforce a fugitive from his realm. The Prince de Conti, the brother of the great Condé, although commissioned to try the adventure by the *grand monarque* and the elect of a party, did not wait to be proclaimed and is not enumerated amongst the kings. The expulsion of Stanislaus, the victim of Pultowa, was yet more humiliating to France, for she had engaged to support him by arms, and he was the father-in-law of her king. The natural result of this succession of failures was the indifference of which we have already spoken as explanatory of Voltaire's; an indifference which was far from being shared by Louis XV. His family pride, his sense of honor, had been deeply wounded; and the Duc de Broglie gives him credit for seeing farther than his ministers—for anticipating the fate of Poland if abandoned to the tender mercies of her neighbors by almost the only power that could not profit by her fall.

His Majesty was in this mood of mind,

* Vol. i., p. 43. This passage is so altered in the translation that we were obliged to retranslate most of it. The sense and meaning of the work are given with tolerable accuracy by the translator, but he commonly contents himself with a paraphrase.

when some Polish emissaries arrived in Paris to propose to the Prince de Conti, the grandson of the former candidate, the renewal of what in some sort resembled an hereditary claim. They came deputed by the families in the French interest, which, although faintly and irregularly sustained of late, had never been permitted to die out, and the time (1742) was deemed especially opportune for reviving it. The declining health of Augustus (elector of Saxony), the reigning or titular king, promised a speedy vacancy, and the low place to which he had fallen in public esteem was thought fatal to his hopes of transmitting the elective throne to a son. His entire reign had been devoted to self-indulgence, and we might add indolence, so far as mental exertion was concerned. His only passion was the chase. "Engaged in this unique and perpetual occupation," says Rulhière, "he pretended to govern in his own proper person his two States of Saxony and Poland; but in effect all the cares of government were abandoned to a favorite, Count Brühl, adroit enough to make this vain and sensitive, although nonchalant prince, believe that they were discharged by himself." It would appear, from their common mode of life, that there were neither cares nor duties to discharge. Like master, like man: the secret of the minister's influence was not aptitude, efficiency, or versatility, but assiduity: "Out of sight out of mind," was his motto: always close to his royal patron in the forest, or passing whole mornings in his presence without uttering a word, except when the frequently recurring enquiry was addressed to him, "Brühl, have I money?" "Yes, Sire," was the unfailing response; and to make good his words he deluged Saxony with paper money, and put up to auction every place or employment of which he could dispose in Poland. His own expenditure was on the most extravagant scale, and Augustus, attached from indolence to a simple mode of life, took pride in being served by a sumptuous minister: "Were it not for my profusion," said Brühl, "he would leave me in downright want of necessaries." The foreign policy of this precious pair consisted exclusively in securing the support of Russia by the

most degrading compliances. As for domestic policy, they had none.

Imagine the smallest inheritance left for years without master or management; all would fall into ruin; and one of the greatest kingdoms of Europe remained thirty years without any sort of administration. There existed no lawful power to demand an account either of the levying of imposts or the condition of the troops. The grand treasurers were enriched with the public treasure, whilst the State was poor and encumbered with debt. The generals in chief were potent, and the republic defenceless. The grand marshals were redoubtable, although no police was maintained. No minister was despatched to any foreign power.*

Strange to say, the Poles got on better when left to themselves in this fashion than when they were subjected to regular authority or a centralized system of administration. Their local customs and their habits of self-government saved them from lapsing into lawlessness or confusion, and it was care for the future rather than impatience under the present, that induced some of the more thoughtful of them to prepare for the expected vacancy of the throne. The Prince of Conti, to whom the deputation, strictly secret, was addressed, is described by the Duc de Broglie as fully justifying their choice. From early youth he had given proof of a brilliant capacity for war. The victory of Coni, won in his twenty-seventh year, had caused him to be compared to the hero of Sens and Rocroi. Like his uncle, he was endowed with the gift of speech:—

His ready eloquence, his aptitude for affairs, had often been the surprise and charm of the Parliament. He had a correct judgment in public business; he was agreeable and reliable in intercourse, and kept an open house highly relished by people of the world as well as by the men of letters, over which presided a charming friend, the Comtesse de Boufflers, whom the easy morality of the time was not shocked to find constantly at his side.

Such an existence was little calculated to foster the spirit of adventure; but the

* *Révolutions de Pologne.* Par Claude Carlioman de Rulhière. Quatrième Édition. Revue sur le texte et complétée par Christian Ostrowski. Paris, 1862. Vol. I., p. 135.

prince was like Mr. Tennyson's highborn beauty, Lady Clara Vere de Vere —

In glowing health, with boundless wealth,
But sickening of a vague disease.

He thought himself born for better things. He was haunted by visions of lost opportunities. He longed for a more exalted sphere of action than that of a *far niente* prince of the blood. His military career had been cut short by his refusal to serve as an aide-de-camp under Marshal Saxe; and a man of his rank could indulge no hope of distinction as a statesman under such a *régime* as then prevailed in France. No wonder therefore that he was irresistibly tempted by the dazzling prospect opened to him by the Poles; but before closing with them he was under the imperative necessity of securing the willing assent, if not the cordial operation of the king. His Majesty lent a favorable ear to the proposal to the extent of authorizing the prince to temporize with it, but as for submitting it to his ministers or making it the starting-point of an avowed course of policy, this was more than could be hoped or expected under the circumstances. In the first place, he would have been required to bestir himself, to take part in the execution of the project, to choose and guide the instruments, to undergo the trouble of thinking and acting, two things which were equally repugnant to his habits. In the next place he would have to encounter a formidable opposition in the bosom of his family, in which the House of Saxony had warm supporters, beginning with the dauphiness, the daughter of Augustus. Then, again, his minister for foreign affairs, the Marquis d'Argenson, was strongly prejudiced against the Poles, and would have turned restive at the bare suggestion of a renewed interference with their affairs. All that the prince could obtain was a promise of some support in money from the privy purse and a secret order, under the royal sign manual, to M. Castéra, the French resident at Warsaw, to act as the medium of communication.

"Such was the origin of the *affaire secrète*, and this obscure agent was the first confidant of the private thought of the king." Things, however, could not rest here; and Conti, watching his opportunities, soon found means to engage the king deeper and deeper, on the ground that success would be materially facilitated by having representatives in the states bordering on Poland, who, without being entrusted with the scheme, might be indirectly

useful in forwarding it. He got sure friends of his own appointed to the embassies of Berlin, Sweden, and Constantinople. These corresponded with him as well as with the Foreign Office; he carried their letters as well as those of the secret agent to the king, with whom he was so often closeted as to awaken the suspicions of the ministers and the favorite, Madame de Pompadour, who left no stone unturned to get at the bottom of the mystery.

Four years passed away without this strange description of intrigue becoming known beyond the limited circle of the initiated, or any material advance being made towards the ultimate object, when (in 1752) the Polish-Saxon ambassador, the Marquis des Essarts, was transferred from Dresden to Turin, and the Prince de Conti plausibly urged that, if the covert scheme was to be pursued in right earnest, he should be replaced by one acquainted with it and specially charged to carry it out. The expediency of such a course was made more manifest by the importance attached to the adhesion of Poland in the contemplated renewal of hostilities. The war, if it broke out anew, would be waged by Russia and Austria, backed by England, against Prussia, in alliance with France; and certain intelligence had reached the French court that a league, offensive and defensive, between the two empresses, Elizabeth and Maria Theresa, and Augustus as elector of Saxony, was already signed at St. Petersburg, and was about to be laid before the Polish Diet, in which a powerful faction was actively at work to pave the way for its adoption. The design imputed to the English was to subsidize a hundred thousand Russians, and get them to traverse the Polish territory to engage in the wars of the south.

The danger was too evident and too serious to be overlooked by even the most prejudiced eyes. Willingly or unwillingly, the French ministers were obliged to acknowledge that it would be well to secure, if not an effective alliance with Poland, at least her neutrality, and it was agreed that the new ambassador should be instructed to oppose in every way the accession of Poland to the Treaty of St. Petersburg. There was, however, only one means of acting on the Diet—the old expedient of creating, or, at least, of reviving, a party favorable to France among the ranks of the nobility who composed that assembly. Now, from that to preparing the way for the election of a French candidate to the throne on a future day, there was only one step.

The moment was therefore most opportune for revealing the secret to an ambassador; but a confidant had to be selected; and Prince de

Conti undertook that task. He proposed to the king that a gentleman who had as yet made a figure in war only, but whose talents were much appreciated in the prince's circle, should be appointed to the vacant post. This was Charles François, Count de Broglie, second son of the marshal and brother of the duke (afterwards marshal) of that name, and himself, though barely thirty-two years old, already a brigadier in the royal army.

The family of Broglie, which ranked amongst the oldest of the noble houses of Piedmont, was of comparatively recent standing in France; and, although every step of its rise was marked by an illustration, the duc thinks it necessary to say that its elevation could hardly be attributed to royal favor or caprice, since the personal character of its members was ill-adapted for the atmosphere of a court. "An independent and caustic spirit, inordinate frankness of language, austerity of principles pushed to roughness and firmness of conviction to obstinacy, these are not the qualities which commonly cause merit to be appreciated or forgiven by people in power." The one exception during three generations was an abbé, the uncle of the comte, known at Versailles as the *grand abbé*, who had the art of employing his talent for raillery and free speaking to divert, instead of offending, his superiors. The president Henault said of him that he was an intriguer without ambition, and indecent without any impeachment of his morals. He contrived to be always in the good graces of a part of the ministry, which employed him to work against the other part, whilst all the while making the king laugh at the expense of both; and he even won his way into the private circle of the queen and the dauphiness, where the habitual tone was decorous and devout. His *bons-mots* were a peculiar object of dread; and even the reputation of D'Aguesseau sustained a stain, like a shield struck by a glancing shot, from one of them. Surprise being expressed that this high-principled, stern, unbending magistrate was called to the direction of ecclesiastical affairs at a conjuncture when the court of Rome required to be met in a conciliatory spirit, "Fear nothing," said the abbé with a smile, "this man will no sooner be in this place than a ministerial soul will be injected into him (*on lui s'enguevera une âme de ministre*), and he will be in all respects like the rest." The operation, it is added, was effected, and with success.

He had never aspired to the episcopate, but he managed to secure the only piece

of preferment he coveted, the Abbey of Mont-Saint-Michel, by his ready wit. It was promised him by the regent, who was in no hurry to keep his word. One day, the abbé having spoken highly of some Burgundy which he pretended to have discovered, the regent expressed a wish for a cask, which was sent shortly afterwards, with a note of the cost: "so much for the price, so much for the duty, so much for the carriage: total—the Abbey of Mont-Saint-Michel." The regent laughed, and paid the bill. The abbé was proud of his family, and race, and made a point of looking after their interests at court whilst they, bad courtiers at best, were absent on their military or diplomatic duties.

The duc objects to regular historical portraits, thinking that they are best drawn, as dramatic characters are best evolved, by events. He therefore refers us to Rulhière for the full-length portrait of the comte, avowing at the same time his preference for the sketch hit off in four lines by the Marquis d'Argenson in his journal: "The Comte de Broglie has just been declared ambassador to Poland. He is a very little man, with the head set up like a little game-cock. He is choleric, clever and vivacious in everything." According to another contemporary, his sparkling eyes, when he was animated, resembled a volcano. His services had been confined to the army. He was utterly inexperienced in diplomacy, or in any other branch of administration, and no one was more surprised than himself when he was named ambassador. His surprise was dashed by alarm and an almost overpowering sense of responsibility when, eight days after the nomination (March 8, 1772), the prince placed in his hands this autographic billet from the king: "The Comte de Broglie will put faith in what will be told him by the Prince de Conti, and speak of it to no living soul." He was then made acquainted with the precise nature of the mission, and the complicated, contradictory, probably compromising duties imposed by it.

What a beginning for an impoverished diplomatist setting his foot for the first time on unknown ground, to have to get a king elected unknown to his own government! What a task, to carry out such a negotiation at a thousand leagues from Versailles in the midst of a Diet in arms, in presence of the league of three courts, while remaining constantly exposed to the risk of being publicly repudiated, and handed over to ministerial wrath by the slightest indiscretion of a postal agent! What a complication, to have two

masters to serve, two different sorts of language to hold and to bring into agreement!

There was one decisive answer to all the scruples and objections that could be urged. The sovereign had signified his pleasure: the order was absolute: and to withdraw after being put in possession of the secret was to incur certain disgrace and fall under a lasting imputation of disloyalty. And what minister, what royal personage, could find fault with him for obeying their common master? The pecuniary difficulty had been anticipated by the king, who, on the first mention of his name for the appointment, had cried out, "Ah, he is not rich, he must be helped." The attachment of the dauphin and especially of the dauphiness (a Saxon princess) for his family was an additional qualification, as he was the less likely to be suspected of intriguing against her house.

Convinced by these reasons, good or bad—or rather led away by the love of adventure, which in the age of ambition overrules all considerations of prudence—the comte yielded, and Conti went to report to the king that (these are his own words) "M. de Broglie was ready to serve him, without consideration for anybody, or for himself; and that, with talents, tranquillity, and the hope of pleasing the king, there was nothing which might not be expected of him."

He started with two sets of instructions. The official, from the minister of foreign affairs, purported that he was to do his best to prevent the alliance of Poland with the empresses, and to counteract the English project, but to do so, if possible "without appearing," through the instrumentality of two or three important personages of the French party, behind whom he could operate with advantage. With regard to the contemplated vacancy of the throne, he was to preserve a tone and attitude of strict neutrality, professing that any prince who should unite the free suffrages of the nation would be acceptable to France. The secret instructions, on the contrary, made it his chief business to pave the way for the election of the Prince de Conti, and specified the steps by which this (the real) object of his mission might be brought about.

On his way to the scene of action he stopped at Breslau for the purpose of communicating with Frederic the Great, and ascertaining how far he might calculate on the co-operation of this monarch, who was quite as likely to be swayed in any given transaction by caprice or vanity as by am-

bition or policy, and had been notoriously indulging his caustic vein at the expense of the French court. He had, moreover, an old grudge against the Marshal Duc de Broglie, and was reported to have complained, on hearing of the nomination of the son, that they had picked out one of his personal enemies to act with him. Little good, therefore, was argued from the meeting, and the comte came to it armed at all points to encounter a sarcasm or evade a snare. He was agreeably disappointed. Frederic was in good humor, and invited him to dinner with the prince-bishop of Breslau and other dignitaries of the Church, who were anything but edified by the scoffing scepticism of the conversation, which the king began by calling to the prince-bishop across the table that he liked nothing better than giving an occasional filip to the fanatics. The comte had no time to recover from his astonishment, before his royal host rose, and passing behind his chair bade him graciously adieu, saying he should hear with pleasure the success of his first essay in arms.

The comte reached Dresden just as the court was starting for Grodno in Lithuania, where the Polish Diet was to meet. He followed it, and rejoined King Augustus at Bialystock, the residence of Count Brannicki, grand-general and commandant of all the military forces of Poland.

You may not perhaps care to know [he writes to the Marquis de Saint-Contest, his official chief] that Bialystock is a beautiful place, and that the house has all the air of a great noble's dwelling. Its owner may be regarded as one of the most powerful private individuals in Europe, and I only call him a private individual because he is not a sovereign; otherwise he enjoys more enviable prerogatives than many princes, and his revenue is one million two hundred thousand livres. It is said, however, that his income is not sufficient for his expenses here. I cannot give you a better idea of the style in which he lives than by likening it to that of the Duke of Orleans at Saint-Cloud, when he gives a fête. You must add a military court consisting of a prodigious number of officers whom, in his capacity of grand-general, he has always about him.

In the same despatch he comments on the character and bearing of his rival, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, whose portrait is carefully drawn by Rulhière, and may be taken as a specimen of the manner in which our countrymen are too frequently judged by foreigners:—

The ambassador whom they (the English) sent to Warsaw was a man of strong imagina-

tion, who seduced at first by the range and vivacity of his mind, but who speedily revolted by his indiscretion, his flightiness, the infamy of his debauches, his abandonment of all the principles of decency and virtue, and the violence of his melancholy. Renowned to this day in London for having attempted to establish, under the form of a new worship, pure deism, he ended his days in an entire loss of reason and a recognized madness. He owed his advancement to a society formed in England of men full of knowledge, of agreeability, of talent, but the most corrupt that ever existed in the world, priding themselves on their depravity and their unbridled license, and regarding the avowed contempt of all the proprieties as a part of their liberty. They had initiated a young English prince in their most secret pleasures: one of them, through the credit of this young prince, had for a moment attained to the ministry; and the chevalier Williams, one of the worst of this coterie, had been nominated by his companions in debauchery ambassador of England to Poland.

The Duc de Broglie partially adopts and confirms this description by introducing Sir Charles as "apparently one of those diplomatists with the pretensions of *roués*, such as one encounters often enough in the English legations, to which British prudery gladly relegates them, as if, deemed unworthy to participate in the austere duties of Parliamentary life, they were only thought suitable for the relaxed morals of the Continent. He had promised his friends in London, in particular the Prince of Wales, of whom he was the companion in debauchery, to bring things so to pass that an army of one hundred thousand Russians might arrive at the first signal in the heart of Germany, across all Poland laid open to them."

Considering that the duc is the author of an able essay on diplomacy, this, literally taken, may prove a damaging as well as an unkind hit at English diplomats. None of them, to the best of our knowledge, certainly none within living memory, have been indebted for their elevation to British prudery; although our colonies may have had occasional reason for complaint that a shattered fortune and party services have been held the primary qualifications for a governor. The misapprehension of the historian and the duc touching Sir Charles is so complete, that we can only account for it by supposing that they have mistaken him for one of a set who flourished at a later period, the Medmenham Abbey set, one of whom, Lord Sandwich, became a Cabinet minister in 1763, but (as is clear from the date) not through the credit of a prince; the Prince of Wales, afterwards

George the Fourth, being then a child in arms. Nor was there any Prince of Wales in 1752, to whom, a companion in debauchery, Sir Charles could have made the alleged promise; Prince Frederick having died in March 1751, when his son, afterwards George the Third, was in his twelfth year. It is almost superfluous to add that neither of these two princes answers to the description of debauchees or profligates. George the Third was from youth upwards a pattern of the domestic virtues; and his father, Prince Frederick, although he affected the reputation of a man of intrigue, was devoted to his wife. "This reputation, and not beauty, appears to have been his aim; and his principal favorite, Lady Middlesex, is described as very short, very plain, very yellow, and full of Greek and Latin."*

Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, a wit and a man of pleasure, neither better nor worse than his modish contemporaries, was brought into public life by Sir Robert Walpole. He had a seat in Parliament and a place when, according to Horace Walpole, his intimate friend, "domestic crosses and disappointments drove him to shelter his discontents in a foreign embassy, where he displayed great talents for negotiation, and pleased as much by his letters as he had formerly done by his poetry." The alleged engagement to bring a Russian army across Poland sounds apocryphal at best. In the short biographical notice prefixed to his works it is briefly stated that he sided with Russia in supporting the candidature of Czartoryski, quarrelled with Count Brühl on that account, and was consequently recalled. For the purposes of the present narrative it is enough to say that, on arriving at Warsaw, Comte de Broglie found him an active and formidable opponent.

My presence [writes the comte] kept him down a little at first, but this did not last long. He talks to everybody, has become more caressing than an Italian, and embraces the old and young deputies all day long. I have often seen him talking in private to the young princes, whose influence is very trifling, and even to the queen's waiting-women. He neglects nothing to captivate them, and publicly conversed for a whole hour before my eyes with the one who is at present in favor with her Majesty. All this hubbub gives me more amusement than uneasiness. When one is quite sure of what one is about, and the cards are well sorted, one is really tranquil.

A less confident man would have seen

* Earl Stanhope. "History of England from the Peace of Utrecht," vol. ii., p. 303.

that the odds were decidedly against him: that at Bialystock, where all the conflicting elements were collected, he was in the very centre of adverse influences, with hardly an available resource. The magnificent lord of the castle, who had served in the *mosquetaires* and retained pleasant recollections of Versailles, was not personally disinclined to France, but he had late in life contracted a marriage with a young and beautiful Countess Poniatowski, to whom he was passionately attached. She belonged on the mother's side to the illustrious house of Czartoryski, then represented by two brothers, Auguste and Michel, who, by dint of inherited or acquired possessions and dignities, united with commanding force of character, had acquired a position not much unlike that of Warwick, the last of the barons, when he feasted daily thirty thousand retainers in his halls. They sided with Russia. The French party, if it deserved the name, was scattered and disheartened. The sum placed at the comte's disposal was only eight hundred thousand francs. (32,000*l.*), and the Polish nobles resembled petty states to be subsidized rather than individuals to be bribed. As at any moment they might be compelled to take the field, they naturally demanded money for equipment from the side on which they were to act. He put the best face on the matter, scattered promises right and left, and experienced little difficulty in recruiting a band of partisans amongst the turbulent spirits who longed for action or the members of the Diet who regarded the Czartoryskis with distrust. His instructions were to bring about the rupture of the Diet, and thus prevent the adoption of the treaty; but he soon discovered that by so doing he should be playing the game of his adversaries, which was to paralyze the proceedings of the legislative body, and then resort to the extreme measure of a confederation. At the instigation of the Czartoryskis, a deputy had issued an insulting manifesto against the king. This they forthwith made the pretext for a counter-declaration in vindication of his Majesty, which they invited the nobility to sign. It lay for signature at the palace of Count Branicki, whose definite adhesion would have placed all the military forces of the State at the disposal of the confederates. It had already received the signatures of the majority of the senate and other magnates, when the plot was suddenly counteracted and upset by the courage and energy of one man. This was a young noble, named Mokranowski, remarkable

for the loftiness of his stature, his personal beauty, great bodily strength, rude eloquence, and high courage. After serving with distinction in the French army, he had attached himself to Count Branicki, and was reputed to stand high in the good graces of the beautiful countess. The duc mentions his entry on the scene as concerted with the Comte de Broglie; but Rulhière describes him as having his attention accidentally called to the scheme as it was on the point of being consummated.

He is informed that an act of confederation, already signed by all the senators, is about to be signed by all the nobility. Nothing stops him; neither the disfavor of the court, which must feel affronted, nor that of the grand-general, on whom his whole fortune depends, nor the resentment of the Russians, who had announced that their sovereign had an army on the frontier to sustain their enterprise, nor finally the multitude in the act of signing. He forces his way through them; seizes the document, already consecrated by so many signatures; swears that he will only part from it with life; and, rushing with it to the grand-general, boldly lays before him all the consequences of his co-operation in such an enterprise. The dangers of Russian protection, the comparative advantages of France, were emphatically pressed. The grand-general was urged to consider his own dignity and name, which imperatively required him to stand forth the liberator, the champion of his country, instead of being made the catspaw or tool of a faction, French or Russian, and the impetuous orator ended a passionate appeal by tearing the act of confederation to pieces and placing it in this state in the hands of his chief.*

Branicki, who had given only a languid support to the measure, gazed and listened as one electrified: the full bearing of the engagements he had more than half contracted flashed upon him; hurried out of himself, he started to his feet, hailed Mokranowski as his deliverer, embraced him with transport, and vowed a never-dying friendship with him from that hour. The Czartoryskis were checkmated; their combination was broken up: the Diet separated in confusion. "A single result," says the duc, "was clear: after twenty years of eclipse the French party was reconstructed; this time on the excellent and almost impregnable basis of the defence of the national institutions." It would have been so reconstituted had the comte been properly supported by his employers or been left free to carry out his policy, but he was so placed as to be under the necessity of

* Rulhière, vol. i., p. 160.

apologizing for his triumph, instead of taking credit for it. In his official despatch to the minister for foreign affairs he begins by modestly suggesting that, although things might have turned out much the same without his intervention and he had hitherto kept in the background, it might, notwithstanding, be advisable for him to profit by the emergency and come forward as the open and declared protector of the patriots. As a first step, he requested that the services of Mokranowski should be recompensed by the cross of St. Louis and a high grade in the French army. The request was peremptorily refused in a manner that partook more of reproof than concurrence or satisfaction, and the correspondence with the Prince de Conti was still more embarrassing, for in it he is informed that the king, whilst approving what he has done, is particularly anxious that he should avoid coming to a distinct understanding with his minister or inviting official instructions which must prove irreconcilable with the secret object of his mission. To this he pointedly replies: "How can I take upon myself to speak to the Saxon minister in the tone which his Majesty thinks I ought to assume, without being authorized by my minister, who prescribes the exact contrary?"

What added to his vexation was the step taken by Count Brühl, who, after telling the Polish nobles that the French ambassador was acting without the authority of his court, caused the queen of Poland to write to her daughter, the dauphiness, to complain of the course pursued by him. The queen spoke to the abbé, who, knowing nothing of the secret mission, wrote to remonstrate with the comte at what he called his ingratitude and imprudence. All his friends and well-wishers adopted a similar tone. Convinced that he was on the right track, the comte was little moved by these warnings and remonstrances. What most troubled him was his incapacity to make good the promises he had lavished amongst his partisans, and to meet the expenses of his establishment. He had already spent more than one hundred thousand livres, including one thousand louis for post-horses, five hundred louis for house-rent, and five hundred more for carriages. "No one," he says, "without having been in Poland, can form an idea of the multiplicity of expenses required to keep the state of ambassador. I could not go out without having twenty-six or thirty persons, or horses, with me; the secretaries or gentlemen by whom I am obliged to send the ordinary compliments

can only go in carriages, and even the *maitres d'hôtel*, generally speaking, will not go otherwise to market. One easily spends fifty thousand livres in four months in a country where it is quite common to drink one hundred ducats' worth of Hungarian wine at a sitting."

His representations having been disregarded, he took the decided step of stating positively and distinctively, that he was ready to submit to anything for the king's service, with one exception; he had already sacrificed his own small fortune, but he could not contemplate without alarm the prospect of sacrificing the fortunes of others. If therefore he should be commanded to remain without an augmentation of his salary (sixty-five livres a day), his mind was made up to change his abode for a humbler one, reduce his establishment, and scrupulously adapt his expenditures to his means. This produced an arrangement. M. de Saint-Contest (the minister) administered an official rebuke to the comte, and informed him that the king saw no objection to the reduction of his establishment. On the same day, he received five thousand ducats to aid him in keeping it up on the same scale as before. He rightly calculated that an air of self-assertion was indispensable, and he resolved, in the midst of intrigues and jealousies, to suffer no abatement of his dignity. The queen of Poland (electoral princess of Saxony), suspecting his hidden purpose, had begun to treat him with marked coldness, and one evening at a court ball given to the Prince of Modena she made a pretext of her pregnancy for declining to dance, in order to avoid opening the ball with him, according to the right of the ambassador of France, even in presence of a prince. A few minutes afterwards he saw her dancing with the Prince of Modena, and advanced so as to be exactly opposite her at the moment when she resumed her seat. "I am quite out of breath," said the princess, with some embarrassment. "That is not surprising," replied the comte, "your Highness having committed the imprudence of dancing in your present situation." "Nevertheless," said the princess, "that shall not prevent me from dancing with you, when I am a little rested." "I have no wish to dance," rejoined the comte drily, and, taking his sword and his muff, he left the room without another word.

The next day all the court was in a turmoil. The princess shed tears of mortification, and Count Brühl could only quiet her by promising to have the of-

fender recalled. But the comte stood firm. "Take care," he wrote to his minister, "that there is no yielding. These people are cowards. When one shows one's teeth, they are all submission; when one deals gently with them, they believe it is from fear." The king, whose pride was wounded by the want of consideration shown to his representative, thought him right, and the minister did not venture beyond a slight reprimand.

The manner in which the comte held his own against his official superior, as well as against the court of Saxony, inspired his Polish friends with a degree of confidence they had long ceased to put in any representative of France, and he left no stone unturned to improve his opportunities. "*Tenez bonne table et soignez les femmes*," was the sum of Napoleon's instructions to the Abbé de Pradt, when it was an object to conciliate the Poles. The comte took this maxim for his guide.

His pleasant and popular manners, the inexhaustible gaiety of his conversation, and the loyalty of his character, daily added personal friends to his political supporters. He was very much liked, even by women, and these the youngest and handsomest, notwithstanding the strictness of his morals—a subject on which he was frequently rallied. The charming Princess Lubomirska, Palatine of Lublin, and daughter of Count Brühl; and the Countess Minsech, who was married to one of the marshals of the palace, kept up a coquettish correspondence with him. "Missionaries of this kind," said he, "are very good hands at making proselytes." His relations extended even beyond Poland. Prince de Conti had put him in communication with the envoys of France at Stockholm, Copenhagen, Berlin, and Constantinople, all, more or less, initiated into his views. The petty sovereigns of the riverine states on the Black Sea and the Danube, the khans of the Crimea and of Tartary, who were always looking to Warsaw for defence against the menacing ambition of Russia, addressed themselves to him as to their natural protector. His correspondence was so numerous and so active that four secretaries were constantly occupied in transcribing or deciphering his letters, and he frequently dictated for sixteen or seventeen hours consecutively. In a word, he had rapidly become, what he had wished to be, the soul of a great party, capable of and impatient for action.

All this time he was sorely perplexed by the reflection, that he had led the Polish patriots to expect far more than he was able to perform, and that he was liable to be thrown over at any moment by his employers if they found or thought themselves committed by him to greater risks

or responsibilities than they had reckoned upon. Fortune so far favored him, that he was enabled to acquire a great accession of strength by the judicious outlay of a sum which did not exceed the limited resources at his command. A dispute, in which the court and all the great nobles were involved, had arisen touching the possession of the Ostrog estates, the extent and importance of which may be estimated from the fact that the holder was bound to entertain at his own cost six hundred cavaliers always ready to fight against the Turks. The family of Ostrog was extinct in the direct line, and the provisional administration of the estates had been granted to a family of collaterals (the Tangazkos) till a rightful claimant should appear ready to assume the burthen with the property. It remained so long in this family that the last of them was emboldened to treat it as his own and sold the reversion to the Czartoryskis for a large sum of ready money. The transaction was outrageous in its defiance of law and right. It was too much for even Polish opinion, which usually laid little stress on legal or constitutional observances. The enormous accession of wealth and influence to the Czartoryskis, already dangerously strong, was an obvious cause of alarm; and the patriots, headed by Count Branicki, resolved to prevent the transfer at all hazards, even by an appeal to force.

They applied to the comte for pecuniary assistance, naming sixty thousand ducats, as well as the open support of France. Here was a dilemma. Where was he to get sixty thousand ducats? How was he to induce the king to throw off his reserve and declare openly for either party? In reply to his request for instructions, his minister told him that all his endeavors must be directed to throw oil on the troubled waters, and that he must on no account transgress the strictest limits of neutrality. The Prince de Conti wrote that, if the Czartoryskis should be the first to appeal to arms, the king would be disposed to aid the patriots with money. "These instructions," the prince added, "are very prudent, and they put you more at ease than any you have yet received." He was by no means at his ease, when a gleam of light and hope broke upon him from an unexpected quarter. The public indignation excited by the sale was shared by King Augustus, who, besides regarding it as a palpable infringement of the rights of the crown, was not disposed to view the further aggrandizement of his haughtiest vassals with complacency.

The displeasure of the king and his minister was indisputably genuine, and when they reached Warsaw, and had evidence of the state of public opinion, which was adverse to this transaction, they gave utterance to their sentiments without reserve. Count Brühl said openly, in the presence of the grand-general, that since the actual administrator of the Ostrog estate did not choose to keep the management of it, the king would do well to resume his rights, and appoint new administrators. This was repeated to Count de Broglie by Count Branicki, and they both regarded it as a hint which ought not to be allowed to pass unobserved.

Moreover, they both knew by what means the Saxon minister was to be confirmed in this mood of mind, and it was immediately arranged between them that ten thousand ducats should be offered him, on condition that the Czartoryski purchase was set aside. The bribe was accepted, Count Brühl declaring that his royal master's mind was already made up; and, five days after the payment of the money, it was announced that new administrators of the Ostrog estates had been chosen from amongst the patriots.

This was a surprise to everybody; but to the Czartoryskis, and especially to the diplomats of their party, it was a thunderbolt. Just an hour before the announcement was made, the English minister, suddenly apprised of the fact, had made a wager of one hundred ducats that the thing was impossible, that the king would never venture to do it. As for the Russian minister, he was literally stupefied.

Comte de Broglie came out of this redoubtable pass without striking a blow, and nevertheless with all the honors of war; for the patriots, enchanted by their unexpected stroke of fortune, lavished gratitude for it upon him, and praised his cleverness up to the skies. The court of Saxony, embroiled all of a sudden with its habitual supporters, and obliged to change its front on the moment, had recourse to him for advice in the execution of this manœuvre, so as to incur as little unpleasantness and humiliation as possible. Thus he had become the arbiter of the situation, and fully master of that ground which had been so slippery on the eve. There was no cloud anywhere in his sky, neither at Dresden, where he might openly patronize his friends henceforth; nor at Versailles, where the favor of the court of Saxony would speedily lull the suspicion of the dauphiness and the minister.

It was formally notified to him from Versailles that "his Majesty's Council had passed a fitting eulogium upon the prudent course he had taken," and the rank of a general officer in the French service was conferred at his request on Mokranowski.

At the New Year's festivities at Dresden all the princesses contended for the honor of dancing with the comte, and the electoral princess, in particular, asked for an *allemande*, in addition to the *contredanse* which was "of etiquette." The fame of the triumph of France at Warsaw spread to foreign courts, and was loudly echoed there. "The events that are taking place where you are," wrote the Marquis d'Aubeterre, ambassador of France, from Vienna, "attract the attention of everybody. It is quite clear that the Russian party is beaten in Poland." The king of Prussia also wrote to his ambassador at Paris to express his gratification at the turn affairs had taken: "It is in part to the firmness of the grand-general that this good fortune is due; but at bottom the wise and intelligent conduct of Count de Broglie has contributed most largely to it."

The Prince de Conti was far from sharing in the general satisfaction. The conjunction of the patriots with the house of Saxony boded him no good, as the success of his future candidature mainly depended on the unpopularity and isolation of that house. The closer the friendship between the reigning family and France, the more difficult for France to set up or support a rival. The prince intimated his dissatisfaction to the comte, who, instead of reassuring him, proceeded to unfold a grand scheme of policy which was to change the face of Europe, with the trifling drawback of treating his secret employer's pretensions as of no account. Saxony, subsidized by France, and co-operating with Poland, was to present an insuperable barrier to Russia on one side, whilst Turkey and the Danubian states were to assail her on the other. Denmark was to join; and the national party in Poland was to lend effective aid in promoting the grand aim of the combination, which was "to thrust the successors of Peter the Great back into their deserts." Prussia was to be utilized in seizing Hanover and keeping England in check. France would then have only Austria on her hands, with whom she might make short work with the aid of the smaller states of south Germany, already enlisted in the cause. "Such," gravely and seriously remarks the duc, "was the plan, as grandly as simply conceived, that a young soldier, shot into diplomacy at thirty-two, unaided, in the centre of a lost land, by the solitary labor of his vivacious intelligence had been able to form. In his hands a vulgar intrigue was metamorphosed into a genuine conception of high policy." The prince, it is

added, strongly objected to this scheme, but M. Martin gives him credit for one which in all essential features is the same. His personal qualities also are placed in a different light : —

The son of the despised Conti had passed through a youth more than stormy: traits of brutal and cruel debauchery had seemed to announce another Comte de Charolais ; * but age had operated an unhopd-for effect in him ; an enlightened and honorable ambition had tempered this savage impetuosity, and he had conceived a system of foreign policy which adopted the sound national traditions, and which would have restored the French preponderance on the Continent. Preserve the spirit of the Treaty of Westphalia in Germany — unite by a perpetual treaty Turkey, Poland, Sweden, and Prussia, without the mediation but with the accession of France — separate thus, by a chain of hostile states, Austria and Russia, those dangerous allies, and place a barrier from the pole to the Archipelago between Europe and Russia, which would be thrown back upon her deserts — this was certainly not the conception of a vulgar mind. Poland was the pivot of this system, which was opposed to that of the Marquis d'Argenson only on one point, namely, that Conti meant to take for himself in Poland the part which D'Argenson destined to the house of Saxony. The end was the same : the means differed.†

One thing is clear. No one could infer from the prince's uniform language to the comte that he had anything in view besides his own personal interests. "The treaty," he writes, "of which you speak to me, would be expensive, useless, and injurious to the secret affair." It was regarded in a totally different light by the comte's open and official employers at Versailles, who eagerly caught at the opportunity of detaching Saxony from England, and he was instructed to take steps at once for ascertaining the feasibility of his scheme. Here, again, the difficulty of serving two masters pressed upon him more heavily than ever, and as the best way of escaping from the dilemma, at all events of gaining time, he requested leave of absence under the pretext of ill-health, alleging as his real reason to the prince the necessity of oral communication : "It may happen that when I shall have the honor of conversing with your Serene Highness on this subject you may change your opinion, or, if not you can place me in a position to evade

the orders of the minister without risk." His diplomatic position was entirely owing to the prince, yet the duc indulges in a speculation on his motives and conduct on this occasion in apparent unconsciousness that his honor and loyalty are at stake.

I am by no means sure that in thus deserting the negotiation midway, to go and breathe the air of France, it was the comte's intention to arrange with Prince de Conti in what manner he might disobey the orders which he had himself solicited from the minister. I am strongly tempted to believe that his design was quite an opposite one, and that he proposed to elicit from the minister an express and precise order by which he would be authorized to act against the prince.

The comte on his return was in open, frequent, and familiar communication with the ministers, whilst he and the prince only met at rare intervals, and in the presence of others. "The consequence of this intimacy on the one side and restraint on the other was, that at the end of three months the comte set out again for Dresden as the bearer of the draft of a treaty to be proposed to the court of Saxony, with orders to urge its acceptance by every means ; and that Prince de Conti, not apprised of the treaty until the last moment, could raise only timid and querulous objections to it." This draft is described as his political plan in its entirety. In consideration of an annual subsidy of two millions of francs, Augustus was to bind himself, as king of Poland and elector of Saxony, to act in complete concert, offensively and defensively, with France.

What would have been the fate of this convention, which thus placed nearly half the northern continent at the discretion of France ? Had not Count de Broglie presumed too far on his ascendancy in promising to make so recent an ally accept such strict conditions ? If he had succeeded, what would have become of the secret affair, and how could he have refused to such accommodating friends the promise of assuring the inheritance of their throne to their family ? These are all questions which it is impossible to answer, for he had hardly had time to communicate his proposal to the court of Saxony, and the Council of State were still discussing its acceptance, when an unexpected event changed the face of Europe. Another treaty anticipated the meditated one and was about to make more noise in the world.

The means by which this event was brought about must sound startling even to those who have duly reflected on Oenstern's world-wide maxim, or have even

* It was the Comte de Charolais who shot a tiler on the roof of a house for the pleasure of seeing him roll off. Louis XV. pardoned him, saying, "Understand me well. I will likewise pardon any one who shoots you."

† Martin, *Histoire de France*, vol. xv., p. 449.

come to regard public morality as a myth. Under the Restoration Béranger was prosecuted for his "Songs," and particular stress was laid by the advocate-general on one entitled "*Le Bon Dieu*," with the *refrain* or burthen, referring to the crowned heads of the epoch:—

Si c'est par moi qu'ils règnent de la sorte,
Je veux que le diable m'emporte.

He was defended by Dupin, who argued that, allowing for poetic license of expression, there was neither impiety nor irreverence in declaring that bad rulers, although parts of the inscrutable designs of Providence, were not special objects of divine sanction or support. Then, after an eloquent sketch (paraphrased from Milton) of the kingdoms of the world as shown by Satan from the high mountain, he wound up: "Assuredly, at seeing the world thus governed, our blessed Saviour, the harbinger of peace and good-will to men, might have exclaimed that it was not by him, nor by his heavenly Father, that nations were governed *de la sorte*." It would be difficult to name a period at which this train of reflection would have been more natural or more appropriate than the year immediately preceding the Seven Years' War, when the instruments of destiny were a king, undeniably great, who laughed at principle, and three women actuated by the essentially feminine motives of caprice, wounded vanity, vindictiveness, and spite. Elizabeth, the Mesalina of the north, was exasperated by Frederic's sarcasms at her irregularities. Maria Theresa was burning to recover Silesia, and revenge the manifold wrongs she had endured at his hands. Madame de Pompadour was also nettled to the quick by his openly expressed contempt and cynical jests; but what won her over to the league, and with her France, was the adroit flattery of the proud daughter of the Hapsburgs, who stooped so low as to address a letter, beginning *Ma cousine*, to the low-born mistress, *née* Poisson.

The new combination was pretty nearly the reverse of the one planned by the comte. Russia, instead of being thrust back into her deserts, had all central Europe laid open to her; and Prussia was ranged on the side of England, instead of co-operating with France. It is admitted on all hands that the turning-point was the treaty of January 18, 1756, between Prussia and England. It was this which disconcerted all the comte's calculations, and exploded like a bombshell in the political circles of Dresden and Versailles. But

the duc is not satisfied with the popular explanation of the affair, and plausibly contends that an undue share of the responsibility has been thrown upon Madame de Pompadour. Although he does not deny that she had a good deal to do with bringing about the alliance between France and Austria, he contends that Frederic's treaty with England was not provoked by the refusal, instigated by her, of any prior overtures from him to France: that, on the contrary, the overtures came from France, and were insultingly declined by Frederic. The Duc de Nivernais, who stood high in the good graces of the lady, was sent to Berlin in great pomp, with the ostensible mission of renewing the existing treaties, and securing the co-operation of Prussia in the war with England.

Frederic preferred to anticipate the arrival of the ambassador, so that he should find the English treaty concluded, signed, and sealed. It is even said that he seasoned the communication with an epigrammatic hit in the worst possible taste. The Duke de Nivernais was not only a great noble; he was also a literary amateur, and the author of some writings of such taste and merit that they had procured him a seat in the French Academy. At his first audience, Frederic made him recite some of his verses, and then said, with a laugh, "I will show you presently a piece of my composing." This "piece" was no other than the famous treaty, which was thus rudely thrust almost into the face of the envoy extraordinary, acknowledged by common consent to be the most finished gentleman of his country and his time.

The comte was at Dresden, about (as he fancied) to put the finishing stroke to his grand project, when, what he at once felt to be its death-blow, the treaty between Prussia and England, was made known. Although unprepared for the shock, he bore it with exemplary calmness. To the Duc de Nivernais, still at Berlin, he wrote (Feb. 4, 1756): "If I am the only person grieved by it, though I carefully conceal my feelings, I am not the only one who feels the importance of the event." The ambassador replied: "I see that your patriotism would have been as much astounded as my own if you had arrived here on the 12th of January, whilst the said convention was being signed in London on the 16th. . . . I think the best plan is to say nothing, and that is the course I adopt. There are things which must be left to speak for themselves."

These things speedily spoke for themselves in language that could be neither mistaken nor suppressed. Count Bra-

nicki, and all the other principal actors he had been training, threw up their parts, and he received orders from Paris to suspend all action, and resume the attitude of a mere looker-on.

Thus vanished in a day the result of four years of toil. The count was furious, but not disheartened. On the contrary, plan after plan suggested itself to his eager intellect, and he at length evolved a design, which he submitted to the king at the same time by the official and by the secret channel, and which he confided to M. de Rouillé (the minister) at the same time as to the Prince de Conti.

His new plan was an alliance with Austria against Prussia, including a stipulation that, by way of conciliating the secondary States, the spoils of Prussia (with the exception of Silesia) should be promised to Saxony. The Prince de Conti declared at once that the plan was impracticable: M. de Rouillé made no answer at all, and the projector was kept in entire ignorance of what was going on or meditated at Versailles until the 25th of May, when (still at Dresden) he was officially informed that a treaty with Austria had been signed at Versailles three weeks before. This treaty was only in outward seeming an adoption of his views, as it placed France in a subordinate position, and practically bound her to take the offensive at the shortest warning on the bidding of Austria. His opinion was that, if Frederic's defection was to be treated as a hostile act, the whole power of France should be put forth to crush this common enemy. What added to his embarrassment and discontent were the remonstrances of his Polish friends, when they found Russia preparing for an advance across the frontier:—

Their fears were redoubled when they learned that Russia, after a brief hesitation between her two former allies, had taken part against England and for Austria; that the British minister to the court (our old acquaintance, Sir C. Hanbury Williams) was in full flight from St. Petersburg; and that France was sending a new minister thither, the Chevalier Douglas, an Englishman by birth, but a Catholic and a refugee, whose sole title to this high office was, that during a former sojourn he had won the good graces of the empress Elizabeth.

The mission of the Chevalier Douglas was to establish a private correspondence between Louis XV. and the czarina. He was selected, like the Comte de Broglie, by the Prince de Conti acting by the king's order; but was kept, like the comte, in entire ignorance that there was any secret mission besides his own.

Thus, two representatives of the secret diplomacy were sent a thousand miles from France into neighboring and closely united countries, to work in directly opposite senses—the one to excite anti-Russian passions, the other to propitiate the Russian sovereign; the former to prepare the mine, the latter the countermine, until the inevitable day should arrive when the two subterranean toilers must end by meeting face to face. We may conceive that Prince de Conti would be embarrassed when that critical moment should have arrived, but the imagination loses itself in trying to picture what Louis Quinze could have proposed to himself by crossing the threads of his plots until the skein had become too tangled to be unravelled by any human hand.

The absurdity of this mode of conducting affairs is made more glaring by the nature of the coming contest and the character of the antagonist to be encountered. "Unfortunately," remarks the duc, "there was then at Berlin a king who pursued one policy only, who deceived his enemies, but not his servants, and who lied without scruple, but never without necessity." On the 18th of July Frederic summoned Mitchell, the English minister, to an audience, and told him that he was about to demand explanations from the Austrian empress of the recent movement of her troops. Mitchell objected that, by assuming the offensive, he would provoke the intervention of France. "Look me in the face," said the king, rising suddenly; "what do you see in it? Am I the man to be mocked with impunity? * By God, no! This lady wants war: she shall have it. It is only for me to be beforehand with my enemies. My troops are ready. I must put an end to the conspiracy before it grows too strong. I know the French ministers—they are too weak and too stupid to get out of the clutches of Austria: Count Kaunitz will have led them into anything he chooses before they get their eyes open. My position is surrounded by dangers, and I can only get out of them by a bold stroke."

Receiving a haughty reply to his request for an explanation from the empress-queen, he put himself at the head of his troops, already massed on the frontier, and demanded a passage through Saxony to invade Bohemia. It speedily became manifest that this demand was a mere pretext. What he wanted was not merely a passage for his troops, nor even neutrality: it was the incorporation of the Saxon troops with

* This is a weak paraphrase by the translator of the king's words: "Regardez-moi en face: que voyez-vous sur mon visage? Ai-je un nez fait pour porter des nardes? Par Dieu! je ne m'en laisserai pas mettre."

his own army, after they should have gone through the preliminary formality of swearing fidelity to himself. "Good God!" cried the Saxon envoy, "such a thing is without example in the world." "Do you think so, sir?" replied the king. "I think not; but even if that were so, I do not know whether you are aware that I pique myself on being original. Such is my condition. Saxony must share the fortune and the risks of my States."

This time his calculation, based on the terror of his name, proved erroneous. In anticipation of this demand, or something equally humiliating, the elector-king with his sons and Count Brühl had left the capital for Pirna, the centre of a fortified camp on the road to Bohemia, where he could await the succor of the Austrians. This step was taken by the advice of the comte, who, under any circumstances, would have advised it as the bolder and more honorable course; but the duc suggests that the dignity of King Augustus was neither the first nor the sole object of his solicitude. He knew that Frederic was too good a tactician to advance, leaving the army in Pirna ready to fall on his flank or bar his retreat in case of a reverse; and the inevitable delay would give Europe time to awake and deprive the aggressor of all the advantages of surprise. Frederic was fairly nonplussed, and showed that he was so by his vacillation. He remained stationary for three weeks. One day he had the French messengers stopped and brought to his camp. The next day, he sent them back to Dresden with a guard of honor and a safe-conduct. What disconcerted him even more than the military difficulty was the failure of the attempt to deprive the Saxon monarch of sympathy by humiliating him, — by making him an object of pity or contempt:

Instead of the puppet he had reckoned upon, he found a victim who was trying to transform himself into a hero, and he discovered that he himself, instead of doing a clever thing, had committed a crime. Already, from the whole of Germany, a cry was rising up against him; all the petty princes felt their dignity hurt; in Poland, also, the excitement caused by the first intelligence had been great, and howsoever unpopular the house of Saxony, the pride of the republic was hurt by the affront to its elected sovereign. At any cost, it was necessary to prevent in the eyes of Europe, exasperated and already indignant, so dangerous a reversal of parts.

Economical enough in all conscience on ordinary occasions, Frederic spared no expense at any time to penetrate the se-

crets of diplomacy, and he had become aware of the existence of a correspondence between the Saxon and Austrian ministers, which was hostile to him, or at all events might be represented as such. When an important object was to be obtained, he did not stand upon trifles. One morning the queen was informed that her Swiss guard had been replaced by Prussian soldiers, and that the commander's orders were to insist on having the keys of chancellery delivered to him, using force if necessary. She summoned her council, and by their advice, resistance being useless, the keys were surrendered, but not until she had placed her own seal with her own hand upon the locks. On the morrow the officer reappeared with fresh orders, requiring that certain specified papers contained in a specified coffer should be delivered up. The queen refused: seated herself on the coffer, and defied them to lay hands on her. Frederic, who complacently reverts to the scene in his history, says "that they had a great deal of trouble to make her understand that she would do much better to yield, out of complaisance to the king of Prussia, and not offer resistance to a proceeding which, though not so moderate as could have been wished, was nevertheless the result of absolute necessity."

The scene lasted more than an hour. At length, finding tears, bursts of indignation, and pathetic appeals equally vain, she gave way; "and (adds the duc) that very evening Frederic received the trophy of his ignoble victory, a woman's secret, extorted by a soldier." The soldier (we learn from Lord Stanhope) was General Keith, brother of the marshal, and we can well believe that the duty was little to his taste; but this sentimental flight is somewhat marred by the fact that it was not a woman's secret. The diplomatic documents thus obtained supplied the materials of the *mémoire raisonné*, in which Frederic labored, not unsuccessfully, to prove that the sole purpose of his aggressive movement was to forestall plots hatching or hatched against him. "Since the accusation, likewise *raisonné*," remarks the duc, "of the wolf against the lamb, I do not think that might has spoken the language of right with such a mixture of cynicism and pedantry." Yet it did more than answer the immediate purpose or make a sensation. Owing, it is suggested, to the comments of hired flatterers among his brother philosophers, and also to "that criminal connivance with genius and success of which history is too often guilty,"

the false impression has been perpetuated and accepted, generation after generation, by posterity.

We read in all the histories of the Seven Years' War, and especially in those written by French historians (strangely indulgent to the enemy of their country), that the discoveries made in the archives of Saxony fully justified Frederic in invading an unoffending prince by stratagem, pocketing his money, and raising his hand against his wife. It remains to be asked whether those who reiterate this stereotyped phrase have taken the trouble to read those documents which they discuss so glibly.

The official despatches received by the comte were complimentary and satisfactory, contrasting strangely with the letters of the Prince de Conti, who suspected, not without reason, that his personal interests had been forgotten or merged in the more comprehensive and ambitious projects of his emissary. There also arrived an affectionate letter from the king of France to his brother of Poland, which the comte was charged to deliver into his Polish Majesty's own hand, his Polish Majesty being then shut up in Pirna. The reply to the request for a safe-conduct was tantamount to a refusal; and without further parley the comte started to execute his mission. He was stopped at a Prussian outpost, where the margrave of Würtemberg was in command, and was told that he could on no account be permitted to pass. On his making a forward movement, the margrave stretched out his arm to bar his way, on which the comte said: "Prince, you arrest me." The crisis was now close at hand. On the 11th the Saxons made an unsuccessful attempt to co-operate with the Austrians under Marshal Browne, were driven back, and capitulated on the 16th. Their king was allowed to go where he pleased outside of Saxony, and he elected for Poland. The whole Saxon army (with the exception of the officers) was incorporated with the Prussian. "We are conquered, but Bohemia is saved," said the commander-in-chief, as he surrendered his sword. "Every one has missed his aim in this business," wrote the Abbé de Bernis: "the Austrians have not delivered the Saxons: the Prussians have not penetrated into Bohemia."

The duc thinks that the very excess of the disaster which befel Saxony "proves the profound wisdom of the advice proffered to King Augustus by the ambassador of France:" this advice having led to the ruin of the sovereign to whom it was proffered, although it may have saved the empress-queen from the meditated sur-

prise. He also makes it the basis of a parallel which has the merit of ingenuity, if it will not bear strict examination.

So far as two historical events can be traced one upon the other, so far as a copy can be carved from a model, the campaign directed by Count Bismarck in 1866 was evidently intended to reproduce, feature by feature, the ever-memorable aggression of the hero of the house of Brandenburg. Both in diplomatic proceedings, and in military movements, the imitation is apparent everywhere. There is the same hollowness in the pretexes for the attack, the same intention of carrying everything by surprise, and, almost stage by stage, the same distribution, the same itinerary of the different army corps, and the same care to secure a basis of operations by invading Saxony; but, although Count Bismarck has but repeated the part taught him by the great Frederic, Saxony has not repeated her former rejoinder. Intimidated by the recollection of his ancestor's misfortunes, the Saxon king of our days did not venture to dispute the ground. By taking refuge with the Austrian staff, he followed precisely that counsel which was formerly given by Marshal Browne, and set aside by Count de Broglie. We know what happened, and that, the Prussian eagles once masters of the strong positions, nothing could arrest their flight towards the Danube. After the lapse of a century, King Augustus and the counsellors who inspired him have found their long-delayed justification in Sadowa.

It is here assumed that, if Saxony had resisted in 1870, the march of the Prussian armies would have been checked or stayed, and the results of the campaign materially affected or reversed. This strikes us to be a wholly untenable proposition.

Frederick states in his "Memoirs" that he caused it to be signified to the comte that his proper place was no longer at Dresden but at Warsaw with the sovereign to whom he was accredited, and that the comte, although he received the communication with an air of haughtiness worthy of a representative of the *grand monarque*, promptly complied. "Comte de Broglie," he adds, "was the most suitable man that could have been chosen to set courts together by the ears." He certainly did his best to widen the breach between France and Prussia, and to force his own sovereign into the field. We have seen how he managed to provoke an infringement of his ambassadorial dignity at the Prussian outposts; and, instead of leaving Dresden as required, he remained several days, on the plea that his proper place was with the queen, who had not followed her husband; and at length he only yielded to violence, in the shape of a threat to quarter Prussian soldiers in the house he occupied.

The fame, which had preceded him, of his bold counsels to the vanquished monarch and spirited defiance of the conqueror secured him a triumphant reception at Versailles, where he was the lion, the hero of the day, whilst the novelty lasted. The policy he had all along recommended was in vogue: his views for once coincided with those of his official employers: but there was this essential difference: *his* were broad, enlightened, and steadily directed towards the honor and influence of France: *theirs* were petty and personal, with no higher object than the preservation of place or the gratification of vindictiveness. He was, therefore, only consulted for form's sake. "His experience of courts and his knowledge of the German armies were turned to no purpose. Madame de Pomadour, Marshal de Belleisle, and the Abbé de Bernis, held their decisive consultations in a cabinet, whose door was not open to him." Precious consultations they must have been between such a trio! His haughty, impracticable temper, his honesty and directness of purpose, his lofty superiority to intrigue, were quite sufficient to disqualify him for their adviser; and a warning he hazarded against trusting too implicitly to Austria put the copestone to his disfavor with the clique.

This prudent and distrustful disposition was, however, by no means to the taste of the persons in power. Comte de Broglie had to learn, in common with all those who take part in public affairs in our country of unsteady brains and light imaginations, that it is more easy to confront a ruling opinion by direct opposition than to moderate while sharing it. When an idea has once taken possession of our hot heads, it reigns there alone, and all reserve is regarded with even more dislike than a direct contradiction. Any precaution against the enthusiasm of the hour, taken in remembrance of yesterday or in prevision of to-morrow, is taxed with cowardice and the narrow spirit of routine.

These reflections are just, and need not be confined to France, but it is worth noting that they emanate from an ex-minister, who has just narrowly escaped impeachment for want of that very moderation which he recommends.

The same lack of subserviency to the people in power, which excluded the comte from their councils, naturally led to the refusal of his earnest application to be appointed ambassador at Vienna; and in a fit of disgust he thought of retiring from diplomacy and returning to the army. But on the first hint of this intention, he was

told that his presence was necessary at Warsaw, that he was the fittest person to deal with the Poles, and that he must continue in his old post whether he liked it or not. "If (wrote the king) I had known any one else who could have served me well in Poland, I would have preferred him to you, that I might have gratified your wish to serve me in my army, but having found no one, I rely on your doing your very best to be useful to me there."

One comfort was that he had no longer to deal with the Prince de Conti, who had fallen into disgrace and been directed to place all the cyphers and papers belonging to the secret correspondences in the hands of M. Tercier, first clerk of foreign affairs, an excellent specimen of a class who (the duc states) had been for centuries the hidden mainspring of the whole of French foreign policy. M. Tercier and the comte understood and appreciated each other. It was through the first clerk that the ambassador procured permission to take Vienna on his way. He arrived at a critical moment, when the Austrian army under Marshal Browne, having sustained a crushing defeat, was shut up in Prague. All was confusion and consternation. The empress alone retained her presence of mind, declaring that Prague must be relieved at any cost, but this could only be effected by the advance of her only remaining army, which her advisers, civil and military, were reluctant to risk. In his first audience he so impressed her by his clearness, decision, and knowledge of the situation, that she begged him to discuss the subject with her council. A week had not passed before he found himself entrusted with arranging the junction of the two armies, and installed at the Imperial Chancellery in the quality of "officious" minister of war, as he had been the preceding year the volunteer chief of the staff to the king of Poland. On the 5th of June he writes: "I am still working at the plan for uniting the two armies, which I think will succeed if it be well executed; but I have no confidence in the hands."

That the junction was well planned is proved by Frederic's eagerness to prevent it. The relieving army was within twelve leagues of Prague when he attacked it in an almost impregnable position, was defeated with enormous loss, and compelled to raise the siege. "When the count went to the palace, on the arrival of this happy news, to offer his congratulations, the empress, in great delight, repeated over and over again that she owed the victory to him as much as to the marshal himself; and two

hours later she sent him by Count Kaunitz her own portrait set in diamonds."

This was the most brilliant episode of his life, and the position he took upon arriving at Warsaw was almost entirely owing to his personal ascendancy. The Russian minister told him sharply that he was taking too much upon himself, and the Chevalier Douglas, the French envoy to St. Petersburg, happening to pass through Dresden, was commissioned by both the Russian and the Saxon ministers to carry their remonstrances against French assumption to the Abbé de Bernis. The abbé, however, being somewhat in awe of the rank and reputation of the comte, did not venture to do more than recommend a little less vivacity towards a minister standing so high in his sovereign's favor as Count Brühl, and a more conciliatory tone towards Russia. The comte, under all the disadvantages of the half-hearted support of his court, was able to procure the recal of Poniatowski, the ambassador and favorite of the czarina.

His resolute persistence was just about to be rewarded; he had almost succeeded in dragging his government after him whether they would or no, when, at that very moment, an unforeseen disaster occurred, and the whole of France — her army, her cabinet, and her ambassadors — was given over to the derision of her allies and her enemies alike.

The battle of Rossbach, fought on the 5th of November, 1757, was a decisive victory for Frederic, a complete defeat for France. Her representative could no longer use on the morrow the dictatorial language he had ventured on the eve. He had no longer an army at his back, and Russia had one about to enter Poland. To common apprehension, all was lost; yet the comte alone refused to give up the cause as hopeless, and vehemently protested against the weak and cowardly policy he was now instructed to pursue. "There is no managing your nephew," said the Abbé de Bernis to the Abbé de Broglie, "he will do nothing in politics except out of his own head; he assumes a legislative tone in all his despatches, and in his proceedings there is a harshness and a bitterness which are almost fierce."

Despairing of effecting anything with the minister, he made a final appeal to the king, and received (as might have been anticipated) an evasive reply. To fill up the measure of disappointment, there arrived a note from Count Branicki to say that, as it was obviously idle to reckon upon France, "he would not for the future neglect such opportunities as might be

offered to him by other friends and neighbors (the king of Prussia apparently) to reconquer the liberties of his country." The comte saw nothing for it but to consult his own self-respect by requesting his recal, which was granted in flattering terms with by no means flattering celerity. It was forwarded by return of post, with a letter from Tercier, concluding thus: "Patience; the seasons succeed one another. Come back here and set your health up, and afterwards return to make a king of Poland, for you will do that, if you choose, in spite of all difficulties and vexations." He put off his departure, first for several days, then for several weeks, trying to persuade himself and others that it was not a final farewell, pressing the Polish patriots not to despair of their country, and acting as if he accepted as prophetic the soothing assurance of his friend that he would some time return to make a king of Poland. We agree with the duc, that, although such pertinacity under the circumstances may provoke a smile, there is something elevating and inspiring in the spectacle of "a solitary man pursuing, by his own unassisted strength, without his government, without armies, without instructions, without serious hope of success, a line of policy which had been betrayed by fortune and deserted by its natural supporters." It may also be plausibly urged that, if France had adhered to that policy, the partition of Poland, that terrible example on the grandest scale of what would have been thought conspiracy and robbery on a smaller one, might have been spared to civilization, to mankind.

He had failed; the whole project was at an end; and with the departure of Count de Broglie the abandonment of Poland was consummated. The impotent notions of the secret diplomacy had only retarded for a day the selfish weakness of the official diplomacy. Such an experience might have sufficed, one would think, to have disgusted Louis XV. with mystery, and his secret ambassador with confidences, but nothing of the sort was the result. The scene of the secret diplomacy of the king of France was about, on the contrary, to transform and extend itself; and its action, although more varied and strange, was not destined to be either more glorious or more efficacious in the future. This we shall see as we proceed.

The secret diplomacy had henceforth no definite aim, purpose, or end. It would seem to have been continued by the king, simply to enable him to play at hide-and-seek with his mistresses and his ministers.

"Reduced to these proportions (remarks the duc) it appears most frequently to be nothing but a royal whim, half childish, half senile, and one hardly knows which is most surprising, the aberration of mind of the sovereign who yields to it, or the subservience of the subjects who consent to be made its instruments." There is nothing surprising in the readiness of the principal agent to be made its instrument, as it gave him the privilege of constant communication with his royal master. It was tantamount to the right of private audience at all hours, and it was adroitly used by the comte to protect and promote the honor and interest of his family, which greatly needed some support of the kind. His elder brother, the duc-marshal, was by common admission the best of the French generals, but the minister of war, Marshal de Belleisle, was his personal enemy, and both the brothers were disliked and distrusted by Madame de Pompadour. Yet the comte contrived to get the command, first of a division, then of the whole army of the Rhine, for his brother, and the appointment of chief of the staff for himself. Two circumstances that favored him were the defeat at Creveldt of the Comte de Clermont, Madame de Pompadour's nominee, and the accession of the Comte de Stainville, afterwards, Duc de Choiseul, to the ministry. The extent to which favoritism was pushed and merit as long as possible kept back, is shown by the manner in which the news of the defeat of Prince Ferdinand at Bergen, by the marshal, was received at Versailles: "The battle," wrote Madame de Pompadour to a female friend, "has given me very great pleasure. M. de Soubise had so well placed his quarters and chosen so good a field of battle at Bergen, that we could not have been beaten. My only regret is that he was not there, and that the king kept him in attendance on his person."

M. de Soubise (who was at Versailles) had nothing whatever to do with the choice of the field of battle. The Hanoverians were turned by a skilful manœuvre, and routed by a charge of cavalry. It was the Prince de Soubise who commanded at Rossbach, and lay under the double stigma of ill-luck and incapacity, yet Madame de Pompadour insisted on his being placed in a position to hamper others, with hardly a chance of retrieving his own military reputation. At her peremptory bidding, Choiseul, now minister of war, notified to Marshal de Broglie that the forces under his command were to be divided into two corps, the larger to be placed under the Prince de

Soubise, with an independent command and a distinct field of operations. The united army was superior to the opposing army, but the division obviously exposed each half to be overpowered. To render matters worse, Choiseul wrote to warn the prince, that "it would be better for his own fame as well as for the welfare of the State, that he should have nothing in common with M. de Broglie, for that if he committed the error of co-operating with him, everything would go badly, owing to the incompatibility of M. de Broglie."

The prince had the good sense to disregard this warning, and a joint plan of attack was agreed upon between the two commanders. Prince Ferdinand was encamped on the River Lippe, with his right resting partly on the heights of Vellinghausen, his left on the other side of the river. The arrangement was, that the marshal should carry the heights whilst the prince attacked the left wing. The operations were to be simultaneous on the morning of the 16th of July; but the marshal, seizing a favorable opportunity, precipitated the attack on the 15th; and at ten in the evening the prince, who must have collected from the cannonading that a general engagement was in progress, received a message from the marshal to say that the heights were carried, and to request that no time might be lost in attacking the left wing, so as to prevent Prince Ferdinand from concentrating his forces for the recovery of the heights. No notice was taken of this message; the marshal was left unsupported: no diversion was effected: when the morning broke he had the whole German army upon his hands, and Soubise, whose slowness and irresolution were proverbial, was only just beginning to put his troops in motion, when he learnt that the marshal was in full retreat and the battle irretrievably lost. The upshot was that one hundred thousand French were defeated by sixty thousand Germans.*

Both the generals were to blame, but the grand fault lay with the minister, who had divided the command and done his best to prevent cordial co-operation. For this reason he was anxious to smother enquiry, and the affair might have passed over without an official or royal censure on either of them, had the marshal been con-

* M. Martin's statement is that sixty thousand men were left to the marshal, and seventy thousand to Soubise, with the command in chief in case of reunion: that Prince Ferdinand, who had not seventy thousand, threw himself boldly between the two, turned Soubise, and cut off his communication with the Rhine. — Hist. vol. xv., p. 582.

tent to accept his share of the responsibility. But he haughtily insisted that he had taken the right course throughout, and finding that the feeling of the court circle, inspired by the mistress, was dead against him, he demanded leave to come to Paris to justify himself. The leave was granted, and the comte wrote to the king: "All France will have its eyes open to the manner in which your Majesty shall deign to treat my brother on his arrival." The king, who shrank from everything and everybody that gave trouble, would not even grant the marshal the privilege of his rank by asking him to supper. A memorandum, the production of the comte, in which the whole affair was discussed, is described by the duc as irrefutable, which must have made it only the more disagreeable. It was the subject of a long and animated debate in the Council, at the close of which the marshal received the following missive:—

MY COUSIN, — Having come to the conclusion that the form and the basis of the step which you have taken in presenting to me a memoir on the events of the recent campaign are as contrary to the good of my service, as of evil example in my kingdom, I mark my displeasure by taking from you the command of my province of Alsace, and commanding you to set out for your estate of Broglie next Saturday, where you will remain until further orders. On which I pray God to have you in his holy keeping. LOUIS.

At Marly, 17th February, 1762.

Public opinion was with the marshal. On the evening of his disgrace, "*Tancrède*" was acted at the Comédie Française. Madame Clairon played *Amenaïde*, who exclaims,—

On dépouille Tancrède, on l'exile, on l'outrage :
C'est le sort d'un héros d'être persécuté.

On coming to these lines she advanced to the front of the stage, and recited them with marked emphasis amidst acclamations and clapping of hands. On the same day the comte received an order to repair with his brother to the same place of exile, an old castle in a remote district of upper Normandy, hardly approachable for many leagues through the badness of the roads.

No reason is suggested for the comte's exile, except that his presence would have been a standing reproach, and that he was an object of jealousy to the minister. One would have thought that from the selfsame causes he would have been unacceptable as a confidential agent, and that his compelled seclusion was a bar to his being any longer

employed in that capacity. But when Tercier ventured to ask, whether he was to continue the secret correspondence on the same footing, "Do so," said the king, after a moment's pause; then he continued in a querulous tone, "What would you have? Count de Broglie has forced me to act as I have done. It is his obstinacy in explaining his own and his brother's conduct which has wrested this measure from me."

The exile of the brothers lasted two years and two months, during which the comte was permitted to criticise the ministerial policy, and press his own views, with the utmost freedom, upon the king. The peace of Paris, which concluded the Seven Years' War, was signed Feb. 10, 1763. Directly afterwards the comte, in contemplation of the renewal of hostilities, proposed the drawing up of a plan for the invasion of England, and the king gave his sanction to the project in a letter dated April 7, 1763. The strictest secrecy was to be observed, but, as the comte's liberty of movement was restricted, he was authorized to engage an officer who could report on the configuration of the coasts, draw plans, and collect the required information of every kind, as well as a political agent in England to direct the correspondence. His choice for the first fell upon the Marquis de la Rozière, a young officer of engineers, the same whom, when a prisoner of war, Frederic refused to exchange, saying, "When one has taken so distinguished an officer, one keeps him as long as one can." This selection was approved by the king, who ordered the marquis to start for England at once. The choice of the political agent was less fortunate; the person selected being the famous Chevalier d'Eon, then first secretary of the French embassy at London. The account given by the duc of this extraordinary person is that he belonged to a family of the lesser nobility in the neighborhood of Tonnerre, and was originally intended for the bar: that he had afterwards slipped into the diplomatic service by a side door, and soon attracted attention by his activity, and the strong physical and moral contrasts that he presented. He had all the appearance, the proportions, and almost the graces of a woman; but to these he united the boldness and the levity, even license, of speech, of a soldier. "This singularity at once aroused curiosity, which was rather excited than satisfied, when, on enquiry into the details of his private life (which he readily confided to the first comer), many affairs of honor were found to be among them;

but not one amatory intrigue, and every indication of a temperament as cold as his disposition was ardent and vivacious."

He had so ingratiated himself with the Duc de Nivernais that he was sent to France with the ratification of the Treaty of Fontainebleau, a mission which gained him the cross of St. Louis, and when he pressed to be made minister-resident at London, the wish was gratified, and the same day he received through Tercier an autograph note from the king:—

The Chevalier d'Eon will receive, through Comte de Broglie or M. Tercier, my orders respecting the recognizances to be made in England, whether on the coasts on in the interior of the country, and he will conform to all that shall be prescribed to him in this respect, as if I had indicated it to him directly. My desire is that he preserve the most profound secrecy in this affair, and that he make it known to no living person, *not even to my own ministers anywhere.*

His head was now fairly turned. He had the power of embroiling two great kingdoms, of disturbing the peace of Europe, of exposing the king to the double reproach of a disloyal plot against an ally and an underhand mode of dealing with his ministers, which both they and the mistress would resent. Do what he might, the chevalier could not be thrown over, and his language and demeanor to all who had anything to do with him, except the comte, became extravagant and insolent in the extreme. Having quarrelled with the Comte de Guerchy, who had succeeded the Duc de Nivernais as ambassador at London, he indicted his Excellency for an attempt to poison him at an embassy dinner; the grand jury of Middlesex found a true bill; and, though the charge was ludicrously false, it threatened serious consequences, especially as regarded the diplomatic relations between the two countries, when the English ministry got rid of the immediate difficulty by causing a *nolle prosequi* to be entered. Walpole describes him as "mad with pride, insolent, abusive, unmannerly, in short an abomination. He was at first treated too well, and afterwards too ill, by his court. He is full of malignity, and has talent to employ it." Although the withdrawal of the royal favor was under these circumstances a matter of course, he had an ingenious theory to account for it. Madame de Pompadour, he states in his "Memoirs," had observed that the king wore round his neck a chain to which was suspended the golden key of a cabinet in a secret boudoir.

This was a sort of sanctuary or holy of holies, in which the will of the sovereign took refuge. He remained king only of this piece of furniture; the only part of his States which he had not allowed this courtesan to invade and profane; the only jewel of his crown which he had not laid at her feet. To all her importunities he returned the laconic and peremptory reply, "It contains State papers." These papers were no other than the correspondence of Count de Broglie and my own. The marquise suspected this, and, besides, it was quite enough that the cabinet was interdicted to make her long for it—*forbidden fruit* always possessing irresistible attractions to a woman. One night, having supped with the king, Madame de Pompadour was more bewitching than ever, and she contrived to add the intoxication of wine to that of love. The king soon became drowsy, and fell into a deep sleep. This was the moment for which the treacherous Bacchante was waiting. While the king slept, she took the much-desired key, opened the coveted cabinet, and found enough to confirm her suspicions. From that day my fate was sealed.

"The next day," he adds, "the king perceived from certain indications that some one had been meddling with his papers; he summoned Tercier, who found him pale and agitated, and imparted his fears to him, begging him to let D'Eon know that a storm was about to burst over his head." All this is pure fiction. He brought the storm upon himself by his outrageous conduct, which left the king no alternative but to get rid of him on the easiest terms he could be induced to accept. After much parley, he consented to give up the autograph order of the king for an annual salary of twelve thousand livres, guaranteed to him under the royal hand; but he retained the rest of the papers, including the plan of invasion, and, strange to say, the comte, instead of breaking off all connection with him, employed him as a London correspondent.

The comte, on his return from exile, March 1764, resumed his position in the society to which he belonged by birth and connection, "a fashionable and intellectual coterie, formed of the first families, and inheriting the literary traditions of the La Rochefoucaulds, Lafayettes, and Sévignés." The impression he made in that society may be inferred from the tone in which Madame du Deffand writes to him, Sept. 22, 1764:—

We are not masters of our choice. All that lies in our power is to take the time as it comes, people as they are, and to bear with ourselves. And this article is the most difficult, especially to those who, like myself, are mere chickens. As for you, count, who are a

touch of ridicule, he felt that the arena of public employment, of ambition, was closed to him. He resolved to devote himself entirely to the improvement of his estate, when it occurred to him that an extensive system of drainage might be carried out with advantage in the neighboring district. Unluckily, on his first tour of inspection, he caught the local fever, and reluctantly made up his mind to return to die at home. He got worse during the journey, and was obliged to stop at Saint Jean d'Angely.

There, alone, far from all who belonged to him, in the little inn of a little town, he awaited the approach of death. At that solemn moment, this "man of iron and of fire," as he was called by one of those who had known him best, allowed all the sensibility which lay hidden in the bottom of his heart to reveal itself.

His eyes sought for his wife, his children, his brother — all absent from his death-bed — and he called for them with an expression of mournful tenderness.

The sentiments of piety which he had never lost, although the absorption of affairs had often distracted him from them, reawoke in his soul, and he was heard to give utterance to the same regret that had been expressed by the dying Colbert — that he had not devoted to God all that he had given to his king and his country.* He died on the 16th August, 1781, at the age of sixty-two.

Such was the melancholy end of an existence beginning with so much hope and brilliancy, afterwards embittered by disappointment, finally buried in the shadow of a mystery which time itself has not been able completely to disperse. As richly endowed by nature as ill-treated by fortune, Count de Broglie may be said to have been born too late or too soon.

That he might have fallen on times better suited to his genius, and found a better master, will be readily granted. But (we repeat) he was radically unsuited to courts, and would not have got on better with Louis Quatorze or Louis Philippe than with Louis Quinze. When he is described as "ill-treated by fortune," we are irresistibly reminded of Miss Edgeworth's story of "Murad the Unlucky," whose alleged ill-luck, when tracked to its source, invariably resolves itself into indiscretion or imprudence. The comte's fine qualities were dashed by others which are fatal to success in life. He was rash, headstrong, wilful, and opinionated. He could never temporize or conciliate, much less flatter. When the benevolent fairy was lavishing her choicest gifts upon him, the wicked fairy

interposed to deny him judgment and self-control.

Dame Nature laid her hand upon his skull
With this prophetic warning, Be thou dull.

She laid her hand upon the comte's with this prophetic warning, "Thou shalt want tact." His signal want of it was at the bottom of almost all his failures and reverses, and the melancholy, humiliating moral is forced upon us: that energy, loyalty, generosity, courage, capacity, — all that is best fitted to elevate and dignify mankind, may be rendered useless, or worse, by the absence of a quality pre-eminent in many who have no one solid claim to distinction or success.

A DOUBTING HEART.

BY MISS KEARY,

AUTHOR OF "CASTLE DALY," "OLDBURY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

(continued.)

ALMA took the letters with only a nod of acquiescence, and returned to the house, examining them as she went. There was nothing from Paris, but there was a thick envelope from Constance; and Alma, in dread of hints that might make her mother uneasy respecting Conny's home-life, turned into a little side room opening upon the hall to read her sister's letter through, where she could be sure of being alone and uninterrupted. It was a kind of store-room, where Madame Dallon kept her billets of wood and the flax for her spindle, and had no other furniture than an old chest with deep drawers, filled with wine-corks, which the boys had cut down during the winter evenings.

Alma put the château letters on the top of this chest, and stood near it while she read Constance's.

The first sheet was just what she expected — home news, interspersed with little hints about Sir John's habits, which made her thankful that she had taken the precaution of looking it through before giving it to her mother; but the second page began differently, and Alma was soon reading with startled eyes, and breath that came and went quickly.

"Dearest, — Lawrence has just been here. You won't scold me when you hear the news he came to tell. I can't help calling it joyful news, though it is shocking, too, and makes me feel as if every one was going to die. Poor Uncle West! — and

* "Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to my enemies."

Shakespeare, King Henry VIII.

now a very different life cut short quite as suddenly. You remember, don't you? that Lawrence is related to the Anstices? Have you guessed it, Alma?—yes, it is that, the thing you once scolded me for wishing might happen some day. Poor young Lord Anstice is dead. He was drowned two nights ago, while crossing from Gairloch in a storm. His mother had been taken ill at a little fishing-lodge belonging to him in Skye, where she had gone at this unfit time of year, to spite him. Lawrence thinks, after a quarrel, which she said drove her from Leigh; and in hurrying to her, poor fellow! he met his death. She was always an odious woman, although I don't know why I say this except to keep myself and you from being too sorry for her; there is so much to make us glad. Alma dearest, Wynyard—our Wynyard, *your* Wynyard—is Lord Anstice now, and possessor of all that great fortune; and whatever difficulties the Kirkman entanglement puts in the way (yes, I shall call it an entanglement now), you and he must, you shall, come together again. I will move heaven and earth for it, if you won't! You will be shocked just at first; but, oh! I wish I was near you to pull your hands down from your face, and kiss the color back into your cheeks, and force you to see it as I see it. I will never forgive you, Alma, if you let this great good fortune and happiness slip away from you, by any foolish scruples or false delicacy. Listen to me,—listen to me, we must one of us be happy—and I am not happy. I have never whispered it before, but I tell you, speaking from my heart now, that you may be as anxious as you ought to be, to escape marrying as I did. Oh, Alma, every day as I dress and undress, as I look round my house, and get into my carriage, I say to myself it was not worth while,—even what I have got does not seem to be mine, for my life is a sort of phantom to me, there is no reality in it, and I have no power to hold firmly even the outward prosperity people call mine. The days go by in a whirr and a dream, and when I venture to think a little, I can only say to myself, over and over again, that I am not happy, and that I dare not look forward, and that if a wish were to shape itself in my mind now, it would be such a wicked one that I shudder to think I am in danger of entertaining it. And mamma said I was to be so *safe*, lifted up above all the dangers and cares of life. But you, Alma, oh! you will have just everything,—the praise and envy of all your friends, and a high place in the world, and the man you

love besides. It is lucky that you never actually wrote a refusal to Wynyard, or allowed it to be said publicly that you were engaged to Horace Kirkman. You were waiting, that was all. And surely it won't be difficult, now you have Wynyard all to yourself, to make him forgive that little delay. My secret hope and reason for writing at once is that you may perhaps get this news a few hours before it reaches him. I should like him to see you, to have a few words with you, to get a little hint of your feelings, before he hears of this change of circumstances, it would make it all so much easier for you. You always called me a schemer, but is there any harm in scheming to bring about this perfect thing which would please everybody, and make two people who have loved each other so long, happy at last? It would be too miserable if you let pique or misunderstanding come between you, now that all real obstacles are removed. Wynyard is just a little crotchety we all know—but I trust to you, Alma, not to let this great joy slip from you for want of acting."

The last sentence was written on a half sheet of paper, slipped into the envelope, and Alma, when she had read it, let it slip through her trembling fingers and saw it float downwards, blown by a puff of wind into the depth of one of the drawers of the chest which stood half open. Her eye followed it mechanically till it rested on a surface of cork, but she did not stoop to recover it; she half wished she could get rid of the whole letter so, and of the tumult of anxiety, dismay, and yearning it had awakened in her mind. How could she compose herself to meet Wynyard a few moments hence, possessed of this knowledge? Nay, how could she herself give him the very letters that would convey it to him? *The* news that would once have concerned her so nearly—and that seemed such a mockery now when it would be, as she felt it would, in spite of all Constance's suggestions, a barrier instead of a furtherance to her wishes. Her eyes fell on the packet of letters reposing on the top of the press. It was there certainly, in one of those long envelopes. It was too important news, he was too important a personage now, for some one not to have thought of summoning him back to England at once to take possession. How could Constance call it good news for her? It was the overthrow of the hopes she had been indulging since she came here. It made them possible and impossible at the same moment, for now she could never

make Wynyard believe that she had been on the point of yielding before the change came which made her yielding no longer a proof of disinterested love.

How could she, without incurring his contempt, give him now that little hint about her present relations with Horace Kirkman, which she had thought might perhaps come into one or other of the talks they would have during the three days' travelling together? Half an hour ago this had seemed so easy, and now — oh, why had Constance written?

Alma crushed the letter, and went out into the porch again, and stood looking over the garden towards the road, along which the farm people were now returning to the house. She tried to think about them, about the marriage just over; about Madame de Florimel, whom she had only just seen; of anything and everything she could bring before her mental vision, to crowd out a suggestion that had darted into her mind when her eyes fell on Wynyard's letters, and was threatening to seize upon her imagination with the grip of a strong temptation. Was it that her will to repel it was weak, or that she did not fight the evil thing with the only efficacious weapons, for even while she believed she was thinking of other things, the temptation crept back, entering into her thoughts by unexpected avenues, till, as the time for action shortened, she found herself parleying with it and bringing the subtlety of her reason to strip it of its obvious ugliness, and give it new shape and color. "Let me imagine for a moment" (this was the road by which the temptation crept back) — "let me just imagine what would certainly have happened if the postman had been late this morning, as Madame Dallon says he so often is. If he had gone straight to the wedding-feast and neglected to deliver the letters here till after we had started on our journey, they could not have overtaken us till we had reached St. Cesare. What a moment it would have been for us — I will say us this once in my thoughts — when he had opened those letters and came to me with them in his hand! We should have renewed all our old intimacy on the journey, and he would know by that time I had broken off with the Kirkmans because I found I could not give him up in my heart. He would be full of grief for his cousin at first, and I should comfort him — I, who know how so well; and when the time for personal thoughts arrived, the keenest pleasure would come with the recollection that I had yielded in ignorance of what was

coming. How he would congratulate himself, and thank me for having given him such a proof of disinterested love! He would tell me, I know, that it was more than all his new honors and fortune, and made them worth having. It would be a perfect reconciliation, a full restoration for me to all I lost in his esteem. Then what a triumph I should feel in telling mamma, how smooth and pleasant all the way would be, nothing to give up, nothing but roses, congratulations, joy, for everybody! For what a different thing it would be asking favors from Wynyard for the Wests, for my brothers, from worming help out of old Mr. Kirkman, who can hurt one equally in giving or refusing. But I should never have to ask Wynyard, only perhaps to put out my hand to restrain the too generous, eager giving; nay, that would not be necessary now, he will be able to do all he wishes. What a position he will take at once, how popular, how sought after, how really great he will be with his talents and eloquence and winning ways and enthusiasm, which will be no hindrance now, only another power! Papa would be proud of him; it would be a real bit of good luck and satisfaction coming into his life through one of his children at last. Oh, I cannot, I must not give up all this happiness. We must be reconciled before Wynyard hears the news. It must be Wynyard Anstice in his old circumstances to whom I tell the story of my break with Horace Kirkman. There would always be a little doubt — a little cloud between us if we came together afterwards. And, besides, we never should come together. Wynyard is not the man to marry a woman about whom he has a little doubt, who had fallen from the pedestal even a little; it is all or nothing with him, and I should not be really deceiving him. I should be making him happy in the only possible way that is left; for — don't I know well in my secret heart that I have always preferred him? Patience — time — was it my conscience whispered that? But no! it must be done now; time would bring no help to me; we should drift further and further apart — and oh, I cannot bear to lose him now that I have let myself hope again. That must be the little gate that woman said she saw him pass through yesterday with Emmie West. Emmie West — I would not even let myself think of such a possibility a day or two ago, but perhaps I had better look at it for a moment now. Emmie and Wynyard! — and I alone! Emmie, Lady Anstice! It would be a mistake, an absurdity. He cannot love her, for he loved, he loves *me*,

and she is a child who thinks of nothing but Saville Street troubles and her mother; but he might take a romantic idea now of lifting her up because she has been always lowly, and perhaps, who knows, poor child, has shown an interest in him in his poverty. If he goes on thinking of me as Horace Kirkman's promised wife a little while longer, that is what will happen."

Madame Dallon was within a few paces of the garden gate now; in another minute or so she will catch sight of Alma's figure in the doorway and begin to talk to her, and Alma's life will be fixed.

"By such a little accident as that shall it be fixed?" she asks herself. "Could one bear through a lonely, disappointed life, balked every way, to remember always that one's destiny hung in the balance once, and that one let a little event like that decide one's action? No one could bear it. Remorse, if it came in weak moments afterwards, would be easier to put aside than a haunting, tantalizing recollection like that!"

Madame Dallon did call out to Alma with her hand on the gate. She called to announce that madame had got into her carriage at the church door, instead of returning to the château, and that the four horses harnessed for the mountain journey were making such speed up the hill that she might be expected at the farm in a quarter of an hour. Her shrill voice carried the words beyond the vestibule into the little room where Alma was standing, by the time her sentence ended, and they steadied her hand from trembling too much to accomplish the object she was set upon—the sorting the château letters into two heaps, one for Madame de Florimel, and one for W. Anstice, and the letting those last drop from her fingers into the drawer of the old cork-chest. It had evidently been left half open for weeks, perhaps since the winter evening when the boys had thrown in their last batch of cut corks, for there was quite a thick ridge of dust on the rim; but Alma closed it with one resolute push, and still had time to come out of the room with Madame de Florimel's letters in her hand, and put them down on the balustrade of the stone steps before any one entered the house.

Every one allows an acted lie to be morally as reprehensible as a spoken one, but at the same time most people find it easier to act than to speak a falsehood, and Alma felt a sort of gratitude to fate when she perceived Madame Dallon was standing with her back to the porch, chatting with a neighbor as she came out, and that she

could thus escape having to tell her in so many words that the letters she laid down were what the postman had brought to the door that morning.

A quarter of an hour later Madame de Florimel appeared in the carriage, but no Wynyard. He had chosen to ride instead of accepting the fourth place in the carriage, and was gone on before. Madame de Florimel explained rather pointedly to Alma that this was a new arrangement, and was due to her cousin's reluctance to intrude on Lady Rivers under present circumstances.

"He would not withdraw altogether from the expedition on my account," she said, "as I depend on his escort, and should not have undertaken the journey without him; but it has lost, as you can easily imagine, all special interest and attraction for him since we heard of the sad departure yesterday morning." She smiled significantly as she concluded, but no one responded.

They had just driven through the garden gate, and were turning their backs on the rose hedge and the many-windowed *maisonnette*, with its olive-trees and strip of vineyard and sheltering wood behind, but it was not on that account that madame's remark received no answer. No one stood up to take a last look, though the farm people were assembled about the gate, and did not fail to remark to each other how different it would have been if Mademoiselle Emmé had been there. Lady Rivers was adjusting her wraps and her veil, Ward was fussing to find the best place for her mistress's dressing-case, and Alma held her head down and steadily avoided looking back. It was a greater effort than she had expected. What was the *maisonnette* to her, except, indeed, as the tomb of those letters now lying in the dark among the corks in the storeroom chest? To avoid the danger of seeing them there constantly, she believed that it would be advisable to take away as few impressions of the place in her memory as possible, and so she strenuously resisted a haunting inclination to look back; not being sure, besides, that if yielded to it would not have resolved itself into an impulse to stop the carriage and run back and fetch what had been left behind.

The struggle was a painful one, and when it was over and the distance from the *maisonnette* too great for any possibility of running back, a spirit of angry defiance took possession of Alma's mind. She knew what Madame de Florimel was thinking of when she smiled that little

smile, and she mentally pitted her own strength of will and power to carry out a purpose against hers. There must be victory for her in the silent, unacknowledged struggle she foresaw, for how could she ever bear to remember what she had done, unless the results of her action were so triumphant as to carry her in a full tide of happiness over all temptation to regret?

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

EMMIE behaved, according to Sir Francis's views of companionship, unexceptionably on the journey. She answered in a soft little voice whenever he spoke to her, looked after her own travelling bag and rug when they changed carriages, and, when tears came shed them quietly and unostentatiously in a corner of the carriage with her face turned so as to let him see as little of them as possible.

"Poor child, poor child!" he thought, giving her all the more attention because she exacted so little. "How sensibly she behaves, that old donkey of a father of hers was not worth such nice, quiet tears; she sha'n't miss him, I vow. Something must and shall be thought of for her." And when it grew too dark to read the newspaper, Sir Francis, who had worked out all the legal problems requiring his immediate attention on his previous night journey, actually allowed his thoughts to stray to his own family affairs, and elaborated a whole midsummer night's dream of speculative fancies, while the train carried them on through the early hours of the soft southern night. "What was that hint about a marriage for Emmie in one of his wife's late letters — Wynyard Anstice? but was not he the man in whom Alma had once appeared to be interested, who had once spoken about Alma to him, in a way that he liked? Would it be well for Alma's happiness under present circumstances, that he should connect himself with the family? Might it not give rise to unfavorable comparisons? Alma, Emmie, Horace Kirkman, Wynyard Anstice, the four figures rose before his mental vision, and as a suspicion of drowsiness came on, kept changing places towards each other as capriciously as if Puck might be expected to operate upon them. Some one in the family evidently must marry Horace Kirkman, Sir Francis thought. Now that all these hungry young Wests had to be provided for, some one must

ductor into family channels of the Kirkman wealth, and the vast patronage that bullet-headed rogue of an old Kirkman had got hold of, but what a pity that the notion of securing the prize for quiet little Emmie had not occurred to any one! It would have been great promotion for her, poor little soul, and she would have made a capital little conductor. Such quiet tears as those, and the sweet little wistful smiles that came when she tried to rouse herself out of them, would draw anything from any man, and she might have built up her brothers' and even her cousins' fortunes with perfect comfort to herself, without any of those qualms and disgusts that he feared would assail Alma. His Alma, he began to think, was almost worthy of the promotion of being reserved as the chosen companion of the years when he should have withdrawn altogether from public life and taken to cultivating his literary tastes again. She might as well, with that object before her, marry Wynyard Anstice as not. Sir Francis thought that in those leisure days he should care a good deal for seeing Alma happy, and his heart quite warmed towards Wynyard, as he pictured him dropping in of evenings with Alma, and discussing points in that "History of the Law of Inheritance" he designed for the work of his old age, with such understanding and interest as could only be expected from a man of Wynyard's intelligence and culture.

Alma married to Horace Kirkman would be another thing. There could be no rational conversation with husband and wife there, and undoubtedly intellects were dulled in the course of time by constant companionship with fools. What a pity that those pairs of lovers could not change places once more! And with half recollections of a recent visit to a theatre where the "Midsummer Night's Dream" had been acted, and confused visions of playhouse fairies pressing love in idleness on Horace Kirkman's eyes, Sir Francis dropped comfortably into a deep sleep.

Emmie felt herself really alone for the first time since the news came, for the first time since she had left the bench under the magnolia-tree where she sat welcoming such a beautiful hope to her heart. Sir Francis would have been very much surprised if he had known the storm of feeling which raged within his apparently calm little companion (careful all the time not to disturb his repose by any restless movement) during the long night while he slept, and the train rushed through the darkness. It was not despair, or any keen sense of loss

that made that night a never-to-be-forgotten passage through the valley of the shadow of death to Emmie. It was one of those mental struggles, such as only come to natures capable of very deep loves, from which, if the battle ends in victory, the soul rises up new born, dead to self and self-love, alive to all the higher kinds of devotion forevermore; a temple of God which, having known the horror and darkness of a sudden emptying, keeps the eternal light burning forever afterwards on its altar. It was a struggle for surrender of the will only, for Emmie knew that there was no action possible for her, though at times for a few moments she let herself imagine impossible things, such as making an appeal to Wynyard not to desert her for Alma. She did not know why she felt so sure that his heart would turn back to Alma. Sometimes a pale hope lifted up its head and whispered that she too was young, she too was beautiful. She had loved with her whole soul, why should not she be chosen even with Alma by; but after listening to the voice for a minute, she told it to be still. Its sayings seemed to her beside the question after all, for what she wanted to think about was what would be best for him, what would make his life most complete. Had she not once seen him suffer, and felt then that she could give all the happiness and joy that might ever be coming to her to buy for him what he wanted? It was strange to feel so for an almost stranger, perhaps it was wrong, or perhaps that was only what one ought to feel for everybody. That white heat of love in which all sacrifice seemed joyful might be what we were meant to live and walk in towards the common people of our lives; and then Emmie's heart bled to think that she had called her mother a common person, and doubted the possibility of joyful sacrifice for her and for the others. Saville Street life, with all its little anxious details and privations and uglinesses came before her, looking darker than it had ever looked before from contrast with the freer life she had tasted. She asked herself if she was ready to take up its burden again, and on bruised shoulders too, for she fancied just then that in bidding good-bye to the love-dream which had come to her on that golden afternoon, she was shutting out all joy and strength from her life, shutting herself into a prison.

Emmie put up her hand to feel for the little branch of quince-blossom that was still pinned by the cairngorm brooch out of sight under her shawl, and a great cry

seemed to go out from her heart towards the giver of it. The moment in which his eyes met hers seemed a supreme moment whose claims outweighed all the obligations of life, and was an existence in itself. She could not let go her hold on it. She could not come down from that height of satisfied emotion to the common path of duty again, could not resign herself to make or be made such a sacrifice, or submit to God's will if that was indeed his will for her.

A hush of awe and compunction followed. The highest wave of passionate pain had flooded her struggling soul with that thought, and, as it ebbed away, the dutiful instincts and habits that had always governed her, reasserted themselves and proclaimed their mastery over passion. What was best for the others, not what would please herself, had always been her rule since very early days, when she had first begun to take part in the cares of the straitened household, and gradually, through the surging of grief and pain, the old rule made itself heard again. It would be best for the others if she came back with undivided interests, and gave herself wholly to share the struggle that was before them. He could not come into it—it would not be well for him to come into it because, Emmie decided sorrowfully, with keen remembrance of looks and words, he did not love her enough for that. She had pleased him for a moment at La Roquette in the sunshine and among the flowers; but at home, with all the Saville Street household about her, and the work of the household pressing upon her, she could not be what he wanted. No; it was Alma he had preferred first. Alma was his real choice, and now that she had come back to him, as Emmie's instinct told her she had, there was nothing for *her* to do but to step aside out of the sunshine of their lives. She would not be even a remorse to him, not so much shadow as that upon their path. She would let him know somehow or other that she understood him rightly, and that those words, that look exchanged on the hillside, meant for her no more than he would wish them to mean after seeing Alma again. She would do that, and whatever pain there might be in her heart, there should be no anger or grudging, and she need never feel humbled in her own eyes or before her mother, who would never dream of a woman loving more than she was loved.

The night had worn away by the time Emmie had come to this resolution, and a cold dawn was creeping into the sky.

Cold, for they were nearing Paris now, and had left the golden sunshine, and warmth and flowers of the south far behind them. Magic land and glamor and dreams of love had vanished, and the long, dark night had brought her up into the pale familiar world of workaday life again. She hid her eyes from the faint yellow light, and the pale spring flowers that threatened to look hateful, and prayed as she had never prayed before for strength to make that sacrifice on which she had resolved, and to walk bravely henceforth in the thorny ways she knew.

Sir Francis, who woke up just as the prayer ended, hardly knew what to make of the countenance she turned towards him in answer to his sleepy exclamations. The gentle patience and sweetness on such a fair young face actually brought tears into his eyes, he found them so pathetic, and he patted her head affectionately after he had given her a morning kiss.

"That's right," he said, trying hard to find a pleasant topic to begin upon, "you have had a nice little sleep, I make no doubt, and so have I. It has done us both good, and here we are getting to the end of our night's journey, and a cheerful, sunny morning, which is always a comfort for the crossing and for — hem — for the getting home and everything."

"For papa's funeral," said Emmie. "To-day, yes, I remember you said it was to be to-day; we are hurrying home for that," and she turned her head towards the window again, compunctious that she had been thinking so little of her father, and yet unable, for all her good resolutions, to help a little grudge against the feeble yellow sunshine which her uncle called cheerful, and which to her seemed a mere mockery and pretence, light without glow, awakening her to days from which joy would be always wanting.

They stopped for two hours' rest in passing through Paris, and Emmie vindicated her right to be called woman in her uncle's opinion, by giving some unnecessary trouble on this last opportunity, and risking the loss of the train to Calais.

When Sir Francis came to the door of the bedroom where he had sent her to lie down, he found her seated before a writing-table scattered over with sheets of paper, and busy sealing an envelope, which the waiter to whom he had entrusted his letters was waiting to take.

"My dear," he said, impatient for the first time, "we shall miss our train, and you are delaying my letters. Why did

you trouble yourself to write? I had said all that was necessary."

"I am sorry," Emmie answered humbly; "but this" (holding up an envelope) "has a ring in it which I took away from La Roquette by mistake. It is a present intended for a girl in the village who is married to-day, and I thought I ought to send it back at once."

"Well, put on your wraps, there is not a minute to spare, and tell me meanwhile how to direct these other letters you are leaving on the table here."

"Never mind them, uncle, they are not intended to go anywhere, only sheets that I spoiled before I had finished."

Some of these stray sheets had only a few words scrawled on them, but the uppermost was signed, and had apparently been rejected only on account of two large tear-blisters which disfigured the postscript.

As Sir Francis stood waiting till Emmie had repacked her writing-case and tied her hat, his eye ran over it, and he took in its contents without finding any other interest in what he read than a faint surprise that Emmie should occupy herself in writing such a commonplace little note at such a time.

"DEAR MR. ANSTICE, — I brought away Madelon's ring by mistake yesterday, and I have just remembered that this is her wedding morning. I am sorry she will not have it to wear at the marriage, and as I think I remember that she was to leave La Roquette for a few days directly afterwards, I send the ring back to you that you may give it her when you see her again. Please don't say anything about me in giving it. She knows I wish her well, but it is not really my present, and I am thinking that it is not at all likely I should ever see her or La Roquette again.

EMMIE WEST.

"P.S. — I took the branch of quince-blossom with me yesterday morning, but it died on the road."

The yellow sunshine did not continue to vex Emmie's eyes through the journey. About noon the sky clouded over, and when they entered London a soft drizzle of rain was falling, making the wet flags and sooty trees of the squares they drove through dismally familiar. It might as well have been a November as a May afternoon for anything they saw, except when a basket of dank primroses, poised on the drenched bonnet of a flower-girl, was obtruded into the cab window. Yet the sense of familiarity was lost in a grow-

ing awe as the distance from Saville Street lessened.

Dr. Urquhart had met them at the station, and his black dress and the little sentences he let fall during the drive brought the facts of her father's death, and that this was his funeral day, home to Emmie in a way they had hardly come before. She began to realize fully that there would be a face and figure less in the familiar house she was approaching, a face she had been used to see there all her life, on which her eyes would never fall again; and it shocked her to hear Dr. Urquhart speaking of this absence as of something to which every one at home had already grown accustomed.

"Aubrey," he said, "had come from school, and was to have a fortnight's holiday before he went back again, and Mrs. West had promised to take tea down-stairs that evening. Miss Moore, too, was returning from Zurich, and might arrive tomorrow. Mildred had written on her own responsibility to beg her to come home; nobody quite knew why, since she certainly would not be wanted now. The worst time was over, Dr. Urquhart said he ventured to hope. It had been a very sad time, but the house would brighten up and every one feel better when once Miss West was in her right place among them all again."

Emmie turned her head away rather petulantly when Dr. Urquhart said this. She meant, oh yes, she meant to get back into her old place, her right place, and do the best she could for them all, but he need not have said it with that smile of satisfaction lurking under his grave manner. It was not his place, she thought, with a little unreasonable anger, to hold up before her all the efforts she would have to make and must begin to make in another quarter of an hour. He need not have told her at this overwhelming moment that they all expected so much from her.

The hearse and the two carriages that were to follow it were already standing before the door in Saville Street when the cab drove up, and the house was pervaded by the dreary bustle and solemn fuss that houses of mourning (even humble ones) cannot escape at such times.

Sir Francis felt greatly shocked when he perceived that the coffin was actually on its way down stairs as they entered the hall. It could not be helped. The afternoon was wearing away, and the undertaker's men were in a hurry and did not see why more time than was absolutely neces-

sary should be given to such a poor show as this. Sir Francis would have drawn Emmie hastily into the dining-room to save her as much of the sad encounter as possible, but she gently resisted his intention.

"Let me," she pleaded, "let me go to meet it at the foot of the stairs. You know it is all of him I shall have seen, and I should like to say good-bye. I will not hinder the men more than a minute."

Casabianca and the Gentle Lamb had been out that morning and spent the last sixpence of Mr. Antice's magnificent tip in buying at a little shop near a dusty wreath of *immortelles*, with *requiescat in pace* worked in black among the yellow flowers, to put upon the coffin. Emmie took two or three faded blossoms out of her bosom, and laid them in the center of the wreath.

"Papa," she whispered, leaning her forehead against the black pall as if she were whispering to the still form inside, "I will give them to you. I will not keep them to look at and cry over. I never gave you anything I cared about very much before, but with these to take away with you you will understand that I am glad you are resting, and that I will try to think of nothing but comforting mamma and working for the younger ones now you are gone — of nothing else."

Mildred was waiting on the landing to seize upon Emmie as she came up, and she carried her straight to her mother's room. Mrs. West gave a cry of joy and held out her arms, and for a little while at least Emmie did succeed in forgetting everything else in the caresses and tender talk that followed. Certainly no one wanted her so much as these, no one else needed her greatly. The thought had a sting of pain in it just now, but that would pass, and by-and-by she should find in it the comfort and rest it surely ought to give her.

"Mother," Dr. Urquhart said that evening, when all the bustle was over, and they were shut up in the drawing-room together, "well, mother, how do you think she is looking?"

"Very tired and out of heart, poor child."

"Yes, yes, that one expects; but, mother, did you see that she was wearing the Cairngorm brooch to-day? I caught a glimpse of it when we were driving in the cab, and when she came in to say good-night to you I made sure you must have seen it."

"Yes, I saw it."

"Well" (a little impatiently), "well, mother."

"Oh, I understand what you are wanting me to say, Graham, but you shall not frighten me; I don't see how there can be a but about it on such a journey. She is very much changed."

"Sweeter than ever, that's all."

"No, it is not all, you had better let me say out my thought. Yes, she struck me as very much changed. She went away a child and she has come back a woman, and, Graham, my dear son, that does not happen in four months of a girl's life for nothing. Something has happened to alter her, to make her grow up all at once, and you have had nothing to do with it."

"How do you know that, mother? You are more observing than I in most cases, I allow, but perhaps in this one my own experience of the past four months may teach me something. Are absence and suspense nothing to change one and make one grow rapidly older? Do you suppose that I have not been suffering? No, I am not imagining that she cares as I do, but even a little of what I have gone through lately would be enough to change any one. May it not be that?"

Mrs. Urquhart shook her head.

"If you ask me, I must tell you the truth, and I don't think it is *that*. I don't believe she wears my brooch to-day because I gave it her, or because it has anything to do with you. She had forgotten that she had it on while she was talking to us."

"And you think some one else —"

"Nay, I did not say so, and now I wish I had held my tongue for to-night. We shall have time enough to judge before anything need be changed. You have quite decided that we take on the house for ourselves, and when it is ours they can fix a time for removal at their leisure; we shall be in no hurry to turn them out."

"Turn them out! mother!!"

"Don't glare at me, Graham, as if I had said something preposterous. You can't imagine that I, who have gone through it all myself, would be hard on a widow and orphans. Mrs. West, poor thing, would be welcome to live in this house all the rest of her life, as far as I am concerned, but she and her children must have their choice. The hardest thing of all sometimes is to force obligations on helpless people that they are perhaps wanting to escape from. You would not like Emmie to be driven into a corner, and be obliged to take *you*, whether she is ready for it or

not, to put a roof over her mother's and her brothers' and sisters' heads."

"Mother, you drive me wild with such a suggestion."

"It is a very obvious one, however, my dear Graham, and must occur to every one directly you begin to talk of the whole family living on here permanently in your house. I only made it to show you the folly of rushing upon rash acts of generosity. If you want to be of real service, and to win Emmie round, you must let things take their natural course for a while, and wait patiently."

"Wait, and let the some one else you hint at win her from me? I had no idea you could be so unreasonable, mother, and all the while I am certain you are misjudging her, and that she put on the brooch to show —" but his voice grew shaky and he stopped.

"I wish we had not begun to talk to-night," said Mrs. Urquhart, penitently. "It has been a trying day, and we are both over-excited, and I'm sorry to say, Graham, quite a pile of notes and letters have accumulated on your desk since morning. You had better go and look them over and calm yourself. As I said before, we have plenty of time. The question of moving will hardly suggest itself till the end of the quarter. We can let everything stand over till then, at all events."

Stand over! Dr. Urquhart walked off to his writing-table and his letters, convinced, as he had never felt before, that his mother was indeed getting old, and losing the power of estimating the great events of life reasonably. She could plunge such a sword as that in his heart; could hint that Emmie's heart was preoccupied, and that at best she might be won round to take him as a *pis aller*, and she could then take up her knitting and advise him to go away and calm himself.

"Evidently," he thought bitterly, "it was not a matter of life or death to her; it would not make her world come to an end, if Emmie West slipped out of their lives altogether. She had even forgotten that such things ever were matters of life or death, on which all the world worth living for hung."

As Dr. Urquhart broke open his notes, and read complaints and summonses from his patients to come and cure them, he doubted for the first time in his life of the dignity of a profession whose aim was to enable human creatures to live long enough to arrive at such a miserable state of apathy.

The effort of writing answers and plan-

ning the next day's work did him good, however, and so far mollified his feelings towards his mother, that when he came out from behind his curtain, he was glad to see her still sitting by the fire. His confidence had all died out now, and given place to a burning indignation against the individual, a worthless idler, no doubt, who had been playing with Emmie's heart, and spoiling it for him, while he had been working so hard to deserve her, and he wanted to have his faith in himself and her restored by another argument.

Mrs. Urquhart had waited for a last word, but her conscience would not let it be a concession to hope about Emmie.

"My dear Graham," she began, pointing to a page of her open Bible, "will you just look and see if the date written against that verse is in your father's handwriting? Ah, yes, I thought so. We were reading here on the day of the last of those funerals before you were born, which emptied our house of all our little ones; and he marked it that I might remember. It's the answer of the father in the parable to the eldest son, 'All that I have is thine.' I was in a very rebellious mood that night, not so much on my own account as on his, for he, I thought, deserved blessings if any one did. He had been always diligent in the Father's service, and was he to have nothing of his own, while other people, mere squanderers, had presents every day, calves and kids, and mirth with their friends? I broke out with this to him, and he just pointed to that 'all,' and asked me if I did not think that *all* was better than a part. Gifts, something for one's self, are all very well for a time, he said, but still they are only a portion of the Father's wealth, and we do not give portions to those who are nearest us. The higher lot is surely to be let into possession of the 'all,' and have it, as the Father has it, in all. Not single gifts, but the root of joy, as it dwells in the Father, and so to be 'always with him,' whatever happens. Yes, Graham, I know it is difficult to see things that way. One does not get into the first class in the school of the kingdom all at once, and for a long time the single gifts seem far the sweetest. Even the eldest son here, you see, did not understand what it was his father had given him, but he was the eldest son, and he could not be robbed of his birthright, and allowed to be satisfied with a little instead of all. I don't say one can help grudging sometimes, but if we could get rightly into our minds that success in getting what one wants is not always a mark

of the highest favor, that there is something we can enter into beyond gifts, we should be less tempted to be angry when things go against our will. Don't you think so?"

Graham did not answer; his mother did not expect him to speak. It was not his way to let himself be drawn into talk of this kind. She was quite content that he stood behind her in silence for a few minutes, and that when she got up to go to bed, he took the book from her, and said, —

"I think I will look at that date in my father's handwriting once more, if you don't mind leaving it with me for to-night."

From The Nineteenth Century.

MRS. CRAVEN AND HER WORK.

THERE is, it will be allowed, much discouragement among artists who claim not only to satisfy but to lead the world. The reaction towards artificial earnestness has left us wearily ready for return to the powdered and patched enlightenment of the Georgian era. But the belief in necessary progress, which is in the very air we breathe, drives imaginative persons to strange attempts at originality. Sceptical of the doings of men and women of mediæval times, some of our rising artists in romance seek in pre-Christian models for the nobler expressions of human feeling. Scandinavian or Greek myths are searched for examples of faith and love, and possibly another generation may find on Babylonian cylinders or in cuneiform inscriptions those tales of heroic passion and aspiration which may cause corresponding chords of emotion to vibrate within our nineteenth-century selves. Efforts have been made to worship beauty in the objects that science, physical or social, has made interesting, but the delight in "casuals," the joy of Browns and Joneses, are not altogether satisfactory; the loves of the rotifers, or the wars of our arboreal ancestors, are not possible subjects for art. Yet we trust we are not inferior to those who knew how to welcome Cimabue's Madonna to the joyous suburb, or to those who formed Chaucer's "world of fair ladies" and their courtiers — not inferior to the great souls whose portraits fill Dante's "Divine Comedy," to the accomplished society of the Renaissance, or to the Elizabethan worthies. Surely we still recognize the majesty of passion. Notwithstanding the Philistine withies, Samson feels that he may yet be stirred by the

same noble rage and lifted to the same heights of being as heretofore. The compromises of the "age of reason," the gushing reaction that followed, and the discouragement of the actual epoch have not quenched our human sympathy with human emotion. It is true that the emotional part of us has been for long less cultivated than the intellectual faculties. In the Western revolt against mediæval order, love and pity have run to seed. Heroic standards once recognized throughout Christendom have been discredited, and in the decline of religious culture there has been less systematic education of the will and the feelings. Whatever the increase of social decency, the tone of men and women in all that concerns passion and emotion has been lowered. Vaguely disliking certain bugbears of the past, those who appeal in literature to our instinctive admiration for heroic feeling no longer choose themes of love and faith within the Christian cycle. Fortunately the personal life of Shakespeare has been veiled, so that English men and women have drunk freely of the fountain of passion in his plays without alarm at their profound catholicism. It would be hard to over-estimate the social service done to the English nation by the large emotion of Juliet and Othello, of Macbeth and Lear. We are practically shut out from Dante's white-lighted universe and from the world of the greater mystics. We only dare to nibble nervously at the "Imitation," and we altogether distrust the methods of emotional culture actually used by the great Christian Church. Without the Bible and without Shakespeare we should have no higher examples of human passion than Milton's Adam and Eve, the Roxanas of the Restoration, powdered persons of the reasonable century, bandits of the Regency, and since then fine ladies and gentlemen masquerading in antique dress or lecturing in the newest jargon on the science of the feelings. It is one of many reproaches to the sects which date from the sixteenth century that they neglect the due culture of emotion, for great religions have always taught the uses of noble passion in furthering human advance.

The periods marked by lukewarm faith and piety seem also marked in everyday life, and in the literary pictures of everyday life, by a corresponding flatness of tone in conduct. Periods of religious revival seem coincident with intense expression of all emotion. Without the ardors of the thirteenth century we should hardly have had those glimpses of love's "rare

universe" given us by Dante. Without the religious throb of which Lollardism was the reverse action, would Chaucer have struck so high a note in his descriptions of noble passion and "very perfect" gentle life?

Contemporary with St. Theresa and St. Ignatius the genius of Shakespeare wrought the spirit of his time into those typical forms of human passion which more than all its other productions give English literature its place in human affairs.

The dignified heroes of Corneille and Racine, the true representation of society given by Molière, synchronize with the reasonable saintliness of Francis de Sales and Vincent de Paul. And as the religious control of conduct was, by political or by scandalous causes, weakened, whether in Catholic or in Protestant states, it seems as if the power for good of noble passion has been correspondingly lessened. Metaphysical and ethical confusions, microscopic description, the clash of wordy wit occupy popular literature in epochs of religious ebb, and the emotions decline until they are both in fact and in portrayal but animal instincts.

And without passionate emotion of the nobler sort man would lose even the clipped wings by which he sometimes flies a length higher and further than his fellows. He would lose the sense of possible powers now rudimentary and glimpses of being beyond present limitations; and he would lose the hope of that adequate life to which we look with dim longing eyes, and which in moments of noble passion seems already ours.

All founders of great religions have recognized the large part that emotion should play in the conduct of life. The right treatment of the emotions by any Church is a mark of its authority more immediately satisfactory than any elaboration of dogma. Their due culture, not less than their due restraint, is the glory of the Christian Church. And probably it alone has dared to enfranchise the noblest of the passions and to suffer the fires of the heart to mount high as they will till they blend with the white fire of central life. The Christian Church does much towards human advance by her acknowledgment that the higher use of passion can alone prevent its misuse.

The solemn prayer used in the central Christian devotion of the mass at the oblation of the eucharistic elements is an example of that recognition of the dignity of human nature in all its complexity to which

the whole Christian revelation bears witness, a recognition so generously inclusive that every form of human life falls within it.

It is then among the most highly trained children of the Catholic Church that we should reasonably look for the fullest development of human nature as a whole, and for the best example of that balanced culture which does not neglect the emotional part of us for the greater glory of the intellect, nor deny to the passions their part in the evolution of humanity, however carefully the will be educated for their due control. And if we can but get rid of Protestant terrors we may find that poets and romancers who would stir men's hearts by tales of heroic emotion need not seek for their personages among dim shadows or pagan myths, except indeed to escape from the actual pressure of failing sects into regions where the masked Christ may walk unquestioned and be adored by other names.

Since Shakespeare and some of his lesser contemporaries dared to paint passion with a full brush, love has been denied its due place in English literature, though our best artists and poets have now and then hinted, rather than proclaimed, its nobler uses towards the true progress of our race.

At the same time the apologetic attitude and defiant conservatism almost perforce assumed by an attacked society possibly checked for a time within the Church the free development of feeling. Education of the emotions was less urgently needful than the defence of dogma and the arts of government. But Christianity cannot long be content to be merely apologetic and conservative. If the mediæval types of heroic action have disappeared, the Creator of them is a present and living force, and, as the hampering ties of former systems are loosed, we may expect to see revived the active forces of human emotion in their noblest forms. Again representative men may know the rapture of sacrifice, and perceive that death is an acceptable link in the chain of life. Glimpses will again be credibly reported of that supreme good which encompasses evil as the calm of space encompasses the storms of our atmosphere.

At epochs when the tide of human advance has been at the ebb, the absence of emotion, the affectation of dispassionateness have been taken as proofs of strength; but the wave returns and lifts men once again to the higher levels of the race, and the strongest, because they are

the strongest, join hands with tears under stress of some generous impulse, some pain of evolution, some delight of attainment, some sense of beauty, or some just repugnance.

Most persons of advanced thought will allow that as guardian of conduct, as mistress and guide of the emotions towards nobler life, the great Christian Church could be ill spared from the world, if it is to remain a civilized world. If beauty have its use — and what biologist would deny it? — how could we spare the goodly blossoms borne by the Roman stem? A chief element in beauty is its expression of pure passion, and when has passion found fuller expression than in the work most-saturated with Catholic spirit? Thousands within the Church have made and make of their lives a "perfumed altar flame" fed by love; and if it seem long since the authors of the "*Vita Nuova*" and the "*Imitation*" vindicated the Church's claim to be the mother of intensely passionate poetry, the exigencies of her defensive attitude must be considered.

The revolutionary outbreak of the last ninety years set hearts beating, and if the nether fires of hate and lust broke forth, there was within the Catholic Church a revival of noble emotion, while, true to her tradition, its purest examples are found where the deluge swept by most fiercely.

In a time when the value of family ties is questioned, when intellectual distinction is vulgarized to general knowledge, when the struggle for luxurious existence, and the egotism of discouragement have most obscured them, the noble outlines of conjugal union, and the record of a family in which intellectual genius polished by society gave due expression to ardent passion, are of special value. A memoir in which courtship, marriage, and death are portrayed with entire nobleness, is an impressive gift to European society. We live in a pelting shower of romances, rhymes, and realism, and now and then there is in its confused noise a note of true emotion; but unless the music made be according to the divine science, it will be to Christian passion but as a passing sound to a symphony by one of the great masters of harmony.

The writer of this article is bold to say that such a symphony of noble emotion nobly presented has been, in this latter half of our century, given to those who have ears to hear.

There are in England singularly few

readers of the better French literature, but those who are familiar with it can hardly have failed to meet a book published in 1864, when the second empire was in its full development, and which had for title "*Le Récit d'une Sœur*."

It is now in a thirty-first edition, though it appeals to no literary fashion of the day, but it expresses many thoughts and responds to many desires of modern hearts. It has the beauty which is of all time, and treats of those issues of human life which are universal. There have been published lately several books of intimate and highly toned memoirs, both of English and French growth, for a note struck by a master hand, and in harmony with the thoughts of many, sets similar chords vibrating; but "*Le Récit d'une Sœur*" has the superiority of that ideal beauty to which, if men are not habitual dullards, they instinctively do homage.

The prelude to this story of a family that knew how to live, and die, and conquer death, is joyous and bright as a morning of early summer. Earthly happiness seemed realized in May 1830 at the Palazzo Simonetti, then occupied by the French ambassador, Comte de la Ferronnays, and his family. M. de la Ferronnays is acknowledged by those who knew him to have been a brilliant specimen of the brilliant class of Frenchmen who retained the chivalry and religious honor of the old kingdom, and added thereto the new energy of the young century. He had for many years represented France at St. Petersburg, and had gained the intimate friendship of both Alexander and Nicholas. Though one of Charles the Tenth's trusted supporters, M. de la Ferronnays had kept aloof from some personages and measures of the French court, but he was, perhaps, the more respected. In 1828 he was given the ministry of foreign affairs, but his health and his distaste for the ideas dominant just then made him gladly accept the Roman embassy as a dignified retreat. He, his wife, and his family of three sons and four daughters were all together when the "*Récit*" begins, and in full possession of all that high birth, rank, and brilliant worldly position could add to the happiness of family union. Madame de la Ferronnays was a daughter of Comte de Monsoireau, and a niece of that faithful Duchesse de Tourzel who had accompanied Louis the Sixteenth and Marie Antoinette in their flight to Varennes, and, as governess of their children, had shared their captivity in the Temple. The Comte de la Ferronnays married Mademoiselle de Monsoreau

in those years of the emigration when the power of Napoleon was at its height, and when the royalists were most discouraged. The discomforts and disenchantments of their exile were extreme, but salutary for noble natures. Madame de la Ferronnays has left an unpublished memoir of her and her husband's experiences in England which it is to be hoped will be given to the world as an example of courage and of that humility which cannot be humiliated. But since the Restoration they had belonged to the higher diplomatic and ministerial world, and had acquired that best cosmopolitanism which is its characteristic.

To M. de la Ferronnays' eldest daughter, Pauline, the world owes the "*Récit*" as well as much other work which, by its qualities of style and its deep humanity, must rank with what has been done by the chiefs of emotional literature. Just twenty-one when her father was appointed ambassador at Rome, she had already seen much of the "great world." Admitted as her parents were to intimacy with the Russian imperial family, she had, child as she was, appreciated much of the light and shade of the St. Petersburg court. It was full at the time of the echoes of the most advanced European thought. The genius of Joseph de Maistre had there met in fair tourney the champions of encyclopedism. Probably it was chiefly owing to him that the intense conservatism of the Russian Church appeared too narrow for some of its nobler children, who, like Madame Swetchine, were driven to seek in a living authority for the balancing power that could adapt tradition to progress. The young De la Ferronnays, but chiefly Pauline (now Mrs. Craven), formed many ties among the Russians, and the Russian element is strong in the group to which Mrs. Craven has given its due place among the beautiful forms of the world. She has arranged the letters and memoranda left to her charge by her family with a skill that is hardly remembered in the interest they evoke. Yet no other living artist in words could have so well shaped her materials, or so perfectly told the story of family life entrusted to her, and which covers a period of eighteen years, from the brilliant spring of 1830, spent under an Italian sky and in the city of noble thoughts, until 1848, when Madame de la Ferronnays at length laid down her crown of sorrow.

It is a question how far domestic affairs and private letters should be made public. Unless they emit some ray of universally felt beauty, there is little excuse for exposure of souls. Yet where such beauty

exists the record of its spiritual and intellectual loveliness is at least as valuable as any sculptured or painted representation of material form. In the latest of her psychological studies, the "Memoir of Natalie Narischkin," Mrs. Craven expresses the purpose which underlies her whole work.

La science étudie avec passion tous les mystères de la nature ; elle contemple avec une juste attention et un intérêt infini le développement des germes déposés au sein de la terre ; elle se perd dans l'étude des transformations diverses que peut subir la matière. Combien il est étrange qu'à côté de ce monde extérieur, déjà si beau et si rempli de mystères, tant de savants négligent totalement cet autre monde, non moins mystérieux, non moins digne d'étude à coup sûr, dont les fruits apparaissent aussi au dehors, et surprennent ceux qui les contemplent. Fruits qu'ils reconnaissent et qu'ils admirent eux-mêmes, car un savant même incrédule (s'il n'est point, en outre, un homme corrompu) admet la beauté du dévouement sans bornes, de la pureté sans tache, de la charité sans limites. Mais ce sont là, dans le fait, des choses rares, il le sait mieux qu'un autre. Il sait bien que l'égoïsme, la sensualité et l'orgueil sont des tendances naturelles, et qui caractérisent tellement cette plante qu'il a sous les yeux, et qu'il nomme l'humanité, que c'est une sorte de phénomène que de l'en trouver exempt. Mais si ce phénomène se produit cependant ? S'il se répète ? S'il se répète au moyen des mêmes lois ? Ces lois, n'ont-elles rien d'intéressant à étudier ? Cette humanité, n'est-ce point eux-mêmes ? N'en font-ils point partie ? Et n'est-il pas inouï de consumer son temps et ses forces à se rendre compte, avec exactitude, de ce qui se produit dans le monde extérieur et d'ignorer profondément ce qui se passe dans ce monde intérieur, qui les touche si directement, et où s'ils voulaient plonger dans le but de connaître d'autres âmes, ils seraient conduits à faire de si merveilleuses découvertes dans la leur ? Un grand écrivain a dit "qu'il fallait prêter l'oreille aux sons que rendent les âmes saintes, avec plus de respect qu'à la voix du génie." Combien est-il plus vrai encore de dire qu'il faudrait s'approcher avec plus de respect, d'attention et de curiosité, des mystères que renferme le monde de la grâce, que de tous ceux que contient le monde de la nature !

An old-fashioned view of the matter ! but as there can be no new fashions in ethics, it is well to be reminded that there exists scientifically a spiritual life — or one that we agree to call so — just as much as in a drop of dirty water there exists "a torment of innumerable tails," valuable to biologists, but not more valuable than the phenomena of emotion.

And in Mrs. Craven's work there is a revelation of beauty not less than of truth.

She ministers to the wide-felt yearning for news of the "kingdom of God." That it can exist within men and women of the latest civilization is proved by her as by no other writer in the century. The Holy Grail is still carried to and fro in the world, and Sir Galahad, Sir Perceval, and Sir Bors still are fed of it with great refreshment to their strength. The intense humanity Mrs. Craven does not fear to reveal reconciles us to the supernatural light in which the actors in her drama of life move, and indeed makes it seem more natural than any other. There is no divorce between matter and spirit in her work of reconciliation. The passionate ardors of human love, the tenderness of family ties, the very amusements and trifles of daily life become sacramental. Even in her last book, the life of a sister of charity who in youth had belonged to the De la Ferronnays' group of friends, Mrs. Craven so sets forth the ardent affection, the sweet and faithful devotion of the nun to her friends and relations, rich and poor, that her readers must needs perceive that a true "vocation" is a deepening and enlarging of all charities, and not a renunciation of any one worthy affection.

The "*Récit d'une Sœur*" introduces us to a brilliant group, distinctly "worldly" by circumstances, but in which before long spiritual forces are manifested, so that the commonplace events of such a life become so many open windows through which heavenly horizons may be seen.

Not many weeks after the Comte de la Ferronnays had established his family at Rome, the revolution of July put an end to his official career, and without official pay he was a poor man. Of their Breton possessions none remained to the loyal Ferrons de la Ferronnays but their Breton faith, courage, and keen intellect. The privations of the first emigration seemed imminent to the young people at least, who faced them with brave hearts. They had been educated for any lot, and poverty was but an old acquaintance, and but an item of that sacrifice for which all noble hearts have almost too great a craving. But the upset of July was very different from the crash of '89, and society did not let so charming and brilliant a family retire far out of its inner circle. M. de la Ferronnays' health was not good, Italy was necessary for him, and they migrated to a house near Naples where they had at least splendid views if a poor lodging. Two of the sons started for active life, but the rest of the family spent a particularly cheerful and gay winter, gathering flowers in Lady Ac-

ton's garden on the Chiaja to wear at their balls, and having lost nothing but what, to their happy temper and courage, seemed but superfluous wealth. Albert, M. de la Ferronnays' second son, was the first to feel satiety of mere idle pleasure, and yet there was not wanting among them serious talk in the presence of the beautiful world. "We spoke often of God and the other life," Pauline writes, and no bond of family union was wanting to strengthen their hereditary qualities of ardent devotion and their quick receptiveness to spiritual impressions. Albert, however, was dissatisfied with the pleasant life of Naples; he asked and obtained leave for a *wanderjahr*.

He had the good fortune to make two friends who were representatives of the Catholic revival, at that time in its full vigor. M. Rio, who was then collecting materials for his "*Art Chrétien*," M. de Montalembert, and Albert formed a triad in which the younger man—for Albert was but twenty—was to be the example of human love educated to all ends of noble passion by Christian faith and obedience, rather than restrained. M. Rio and M. de Montalembert were not behind him in their idealization of life in its political and its æsthetic aspects.

To M. de Montalembert Albert confided the history of his love in letters that show the singular courage of passion which witnesses to its purity. Writing after his friend's death in 1836 to his widow, Montalembert could justly say of some passages in Albert's journal:—

Vraiment ce sont de ces choses qui, si elles étaient dans un livre imprimé (comme disent les paysans), seraient dans la mémoire et dans l'admiration de tout le monde; du moins c'est ce qui me semble. Je ne connais rien de plus beau dans René, ou dans aucun des chefs-d'œuvre de la littérature du cœur.

Je trouve quelque chose d'inexprimablement consolant, je dirai même d'honorable pour l'âme humaine à penser que de pareilles beautés sont sorties, tout simplement et à l'insu de tous, du cœur modeste et pur d'un jeune homme étranger à toute prétention littéraire, à tout pensée de publicité, ne songeant qu'à Dieu et à l'amour, et ne se doutant pas qu'il laissait échapper de sa plume des pages qu'auraient pu lui envier les plus beaux génies du monde.

Je vous avoue que je ne connais rien de plus délicieux que cette invocation qu'il vous adresse le 26 août 1832: "*N'est-ce pas, mon ange, je t'aime bien!*" . . . Ce sont de ces cris du cœur qui surpassent tout, à mon avis; et à côté de cela, des pensées qu'on est étonné de rencontrer dans un journal de jeune amoureux: "*Le monde si fatigant et qui n'a de grand à vous offrir que le vide.*" Encore une

fois, et à part le tendre intérêt que j'éprouve quand je pense que c'est mon ami et mon frère Albert qui a écrit ces choses, je me sens porté à remercier Dieu d'en avoir inspiré de si belles à un jeune homme qui n'est jamais sorti du cercle des affections de famille, et qui n'a jamais eu d'autres maîtres que la religion et l'amour.

Yet the expression of passion which so interested Montalembert, no mean judge of human romance, was only the bud of that love which blossomed in the after years of marriage, and the more brilliantly when the shadow of death fell on Albert. The object of it was entirely worthy of it.

Alexandrine d'Alopeus was the only daughter of Count d'Alopeus, a Swede and Lutheran, but in the Russian diplomatic service, and, notwithstanding his Protestantism, in much favor with the czar. He had been minister at the court of Berlin, and had many relations with Germany, having married Jeanne de Wenkstern, a lady of very ancient and noble family, and of remarkable beauty. Alexandrine was born in 1808. She was the czar's god-child, and had been baptized after the Greek rite of complete immersion, and became a petted child of the Russian court, and officially attached to it after a time as maid of honor to the empress. The D'Alopeus and De la Ferronnays families became close friends, and Pauline, the writer of these memoirs, a year younger than Alexandrine, naturally attached herself to a young companion akin to herself in charm and nobleness of character. The training and parentage of Alexandrine singularly fitted her for her part in the story which was to win so high a place among the world's love-tales. Besides the cosmopolitanism of her education and her resulting breadth of thought, she had rare love of truth, courage in its search, and an earnest appreciation of the higher ends of life. A prayer of hers written down on the occasion of her Lutheran confirmation, when she was but fifteen, strikes the keynote of her nature; she offered to God the "solemn renunciation of temporal happiness, if by the sacrifice she might attain a clear sight of truth." In after years God took her at her word, nor did she flinch from her engagement; and, as all such faithful souls find, she reaped a harvest of joy, full in proportion to the tears with which its seed had been watered.

When she first met Albert de la Ferronnays, after the interval of separate official duties which had interrupted the intercourse of her family and his, Alexandrine was, though in mourning for her

father, yet in the full tide of social success, and the charm of the Italian world was potent for her. Albert was with his friends Rio and Montalembert at Rome, when the beautiful Countess d'Alopeus and her daughter arrived there. Both he and they were, more or less, still in the *selva oscura* of calamity, the half-light in which much becomes visible that is veiled by the full glare of prosperity. The De la Ferronnays were impoverished exiles, and Madame d'Alopeus had, in the same year as their official disaster, lost her husband. On the 17th of January, 1832, it chanced that Albert, probably so directed by his parents at Naples, called on their old friends of St. Petersburg at their apartment in Rome. Alexandrine was glad to see the brother of her friend Pauline. "Je ne l'ai pas trouvé beau," she writes of this first sight of him as a man, not having seen him since his boyhood, "quoiqu'il me semble avoir remarqué l'expression de ses yeux, et qu'il m'ait fait une impression agréable. Quant à lui, il m'a dit, depuis, que cette première vue avait décidé de son amour pour moi."

The next entry in that most touching story which Alexandrine has left of her engagement and marriage is dated about three weeks later:—

J'allai avec Mary M. entendre chanter les religieuses à la Trinité-du-Mont. J'y vis M. de la Ferronnays (comme j'appelais alors Albert) toujours à genoux. Il m'intéressait sans que je m'en rendisse compte, et surtout je me sentais déjà une singulière confiance en lui, car en sortant de l'église, me trouvant près de lui, je lui dis combien j'aurais voulu aussi me mettre à genoux comme lui, et que, si j'avais été avec ses sœurs, je l'aurais fait. "Alors pourquoi ne le faites-vous pas tout de suite?" me dit-il. "Pourquoi ce respect humain?" Cette hardiesse (car il me connaissait si peu) dans un homme de vingt ans me plut. Jamais un homme ne m'avait fait une représentation aussi sage.

A fortnight later, Madame d'Alopeus and M. Rio walking a little apart in the gardens of the Villa Pamphili, Alexandrine and Albert were able to speak of some of the thoughts dearest to them, though in neither as yet defined. At the time M. de la Ferronnays was in anxious correspondence with M. Rio about what the brilliant man of the world feared was exaggerated mysticism in his son. But the "folly of the cross" seemed the best love-making in Alexandrine's eyes. "Nous causâmes, je crois, pendant une heure," she writes of her *tête à tête* in the Pamphili pleasure, "de religion, d'immortalité et de mort, qui

serait douce, disions-nous, dans ces beaux jardins. Cette conversation, si différente de toutes celles qui avaient fatigué mes oreilles dans le monde, cette conversation descendit au fond de mon cœur."

Alexandrine's longing for larger and more logical truth was, though perhaps hardly expressed by her, recognized by the young enthusiast. His love longed in turn to fulfil her aspirations, and the two souls led each other on—he, the man, as guide and master of knowledge; she, the inspirer of his action, and the earthly mirror to him of the supreme love.

He was younger than she in every way, yet in all their relations, and when passion flamed highest in him, he was still consciously to both the one lord on earth for her, and the due subordination of womanly to manly nature, the harmonious setting of her "perfect music" to his "noble words," the simple humanity of their love, make the story of it profitable to men and women of every class. In April, both Albert and the D'Alopeus family left Rome for Naples, and Alexandrine, to her delight, found there her friend Pauline, and made acquaintance with the younger De la Ferronnays, who had been but children when they were at St. Petersburg. The families quickly resumed their old intimacy, and the Comtesse d'Alopeus hired a villa on the Vomero, close to that in which the De la Ferronnays proposed to spend the summer.

Albert's devotion to Alexandrine could not but have been obvious to their parents, but he had no profession, and official career was closed to him. He could be hardly acceptable to Madame d'Alopeus, who, by her engagement to Prince Lapoukhyn, seemed about to enter on a yet more brilliant existence than that already possessed by her and her daughter. And the De la Ferronnays, on their side, felt that the sudden and almost overpowering passion of Albert required to be severely tested. Absence, and for a time loyal silence, were imposed on him, for the parents could hardly guess the moral strength of the lovers to shape their passion to noble ends. Meantime they had due courage to endure and to obey.

The journals and letters written at the time and arranged by Mrs. Craven with such subtle simplicity, the *histoire* written by Alexandrine after Albert's death, render faithfully the lights and shades that crossed their love. The "dusky strand of death" inwoven in their bright Neapolitan life made "love more dear." In moments

of keenest emotion they "yet dared to speak of God." Though Alexandrine had not then, as afterwards, learned to be "in love with death," Albert had already quoted St. Augustine, and felt that "all that can end is so short." He could write to his father when accused of exaggerated sentiments: "Les hommes appellent romanesques ceux qui ne veulent vivre que de ce qui honore la vie, et l'exaltation ne leur paraît qu'une fièvre dange-reuse. Insensés! ils n'osent demander au ciel du bonheur: ils demandent à la terre des plaisirs et le ciel et la terre les déshé-ritent tous deux."

His was a nature that was ever athirst for "more love and fuller," and that worshipped the "unknown Eros" with an intensity that only such ardent souls, gifted, if not with second sight, with second feeling of spiritual things, can attain. "Lorsque je suis près de vous," he writes, "ce que j'éprouve me semble être le présage d'une autre vie. Comment des émotions de ce genre ne franchissent-elles pas la tombe? Oh! non, je ne crois pas qu'on puisse aimer avec innocence, avec profond-je ne crois pas qu'on puisse *vous* aimer enfin sans être pénétré de religion et d'immortalité."

Death was to him

a hope intense
Of kisses close beyond conceit of sense.

The shadow of ill health, as yet how-ever unrecognized by his friends, had already dimmed the singular brightness of his spirit; and his sister, in giving the full details of his short life, has not feared to lay bare the weaknesses of his nature, as, for instance, his slightly morbid self-depre-ciation which hampered occasionally his action.

While Mrs. Craven has not concealed his imperfections, Alexandrine in her auto-biography has been hard on her own; but the lapses of these passionate souls are the weakness of eager wings that will not be content to fly low.

Through all their romance there is the mediæval ingenuous egotism which comes of faith that men are rightly placed in life. They had none of the deep-seated discontent which is so large an element in the sufferings of modern souls. A cheerful confidence in God and his laws makes the personages of "*Le Récit*" natural. They have no concealed dread of "sentiment," and in their affectionate manners and enthusiastic letters there is much to recall the ways — as we reconstruct them — of thirteenth and fourteenth century person-

ages. Their emotion is guided, not sup-pressed. Tears and happy laughter chase each other, and when death and disaster visit these quite human creatures, they are not ashamed, any more than Lancelot was or Dante, to "grovel" on the ground in anguish of sorrow. They could suffer with that earnest embrace of suffering which wrings from it its highest use.

Not only Albert but his parents and sisters surprise us by their constant frank recognition of the power that shaped their lives. We see in them how human life can be so brought into harmony with the laws of the universe, that the keenest pain of bereavement, the loss of fortune, the trials of sickness, indeed all manner of suffering except the suffering of remorse, can be frankly recognized as "very good." Sometimes misfortunes teach men to feel that there are further circles of law than those they had heretofore gauged, but love does not so often teach the per-fect fitness of things. Albert, in the full strength of his passion, separated from Alexandrine, and in his filial loyalty refus-ing even to receive a letter from her, made no discontented complaints. He wrote when "duty loved of love" came between him and Alexandrine: "Ma part de félicité est plus que complète, et le malheur aura beau faire; que m'importe! j'ai vécu et ma vie est à tout jamais embellie."

Recognizing in himself the seeds of dis-ease when his friends did not, the fore-thought of a future state gave to his affections somewhat of that conscious immortality which is desired by all lovers. No man without some gleams of this light of paradise upon him could have so filled Alexandrine's soul as Albert did, and in-deed love of the more passionate sort will hardly thrive long where there is no sense of the *dahin* and no outlook through the doorway of death.

There are many suggestions of this divine restlessness in Alexandrine's jour-nal. As an instance that also illustrates the intense womanliness of her nature, she writes in September: —

Un de ces soirs, à Castellamare, nous étions ensemble au balcon à regarder le coucher du soleil dans la mer. Maman n'était pas même dans la chambre. Il nous semblait être seuls au monde avec Dieu. Albert suivait avec extase le soleil, et il dit: "Oh! si nous pou-vions aller où il va! On se sent si envie de le suivre, de voir un nouveau pays!" Je suis sûre qu'en ce moment il eût aimé mourir. J'admire son enthousiasme, mais je n'en par-tageais qu'une faible partie; je pensais plus à lui, et lui, plus au ciel. J'admire le ciel par

lui, lui y allait tout seul. Oh ! après des moments comme ceux-là, comme la soirée qui suivait me semblait sanctifiée ! Avec quel délicieux et calme bonheur j'allai m'occuper de ma toilette, pour apparaître ensuite un peu plus jolie aux yeux de celui qui me rendait meilleure.

The influence of the man, though he was hardly more than a boy, is plainly seen, and it was gained in great measure by the strength of his convictions.

Gradually the parents relaxed their prudent opposition, though a prospect of severe economy was before the young people. The habit of judging of life in its true proportions and from a high standpoint takes away exaggerated fear of poverty, though to the end M. de la Ferronnays felt almost as a personal reproach his helplessness to do more for his son.

A greater impediment to their marriage was their difference of creed. While the Catholic was too confident in the attraction of his faith to press it unseasonably on his betrothed, the Protestant clung, with the loyalty noble hearts give to a weak cause, to her religion. She feared to wound her mother by any change, even while she confessed the superiority of the Catholic Church to any other. The contrasting weakness of a sectarian faith only supported by personal judgment with the faith which is shared in world-wide brotherhood is so illustrated in the story of Alexandrine's slow conversion that a library of controversy might not be so convincing of the Church's mission as are these fragments of a love-tale. The sincerity of her convictions, her intellectual distinction, her loyal affection, made any change of habitual thought and devotion difficult for her, but the day came in which she could no longer palter with her sense of truth.

An attack of fever which was nearly fatal to Albert about sixteen months after his first meeting with Alexandrine shook the hearts of the parents into conditional consent to the marriage of the young people. He was taken ill at Civita Vecchia, where he and his father had landed from the steamer which took the rest of the De la Ferronnays family northwards. The letters of M. de la Ferronnays to his wife while Albert lay at the point of death and during his recovery are models of the cheerful energy, the tenderness and self-sacrifice which proved hereditary in his children. "Le malheur me réveille," he writes with the courage of his race. Alexandrine was with her mother at Rome, on their way to Stuttgart, when she heard of Albert's danger. She suffered with the

keen pain of an imaginative nature, of which we get a glimpse as she describes how, when on her knees by the window of her room,

les étoiles me semblaient menaçantes. Leur lumière, qui m'avait toujours paru si bien-faisante, était devenue effrayante pour moi ; tout l'univers me paraissait terrible si Albert devait mourir. Une seule fois depuis dans ma vie, une seule autre nuit encore, la lune a produit sur moi le même horrible effet que je décris ici.

Je ne sais ce qu'en ce moment mon cœur ressentait, mais ma volonté et ma bouche disaient dans toutes mes ardentes prières : "Mon Dieu ! que ta volonté soit faite !"

Albert recovered to apparently perfect health. Madame d'Alopeus and her daughter went north, where all the powers adverse to her marriage bore painfully on Alexandrine. Her scrupulous honesty made her dread the influence of love and fancy in her wavering thoughts on religion. The emperor Nicholas disliked French alliances for the members of his household, of whom she was one, and conversion to the Western Christianity was treated by him in her case, and in that of her friend Natalie Narischkin, as a sort of treason.

That Albert had no career before him was so often urged that she exclaims in her journal of that summer : "J'ai quelquefois une certaine curiosité de savoir s'il y aura des carrières au ciel !"

With autumn, however, her mother's return to Italy relieved her from some of her vexations. The marriage of Madame d'Alopeus with Prince Lapoukhyn took place in Florence on the 30th of October, 1833. Still the prospects of Albert's and Alexandrine's union seemed so clouded by extreme poverty that their parents could not encourage it, though M. de la Ferronnays could say with truth, "Pour ceux-là on peut calculer à la rigueur sans rien accorder au luxe, ils sont si parfaitement raisonnables l'un et l'autre." Suspense at last made Alexandrine seriously ill, and though, before reaching Naples, Princess Lapoukhyn withdrew her opposition, it was not until she had had a glimpse of possible disaster, and that "the grave had like to" have been her daughter's "wedding-bed." Almost at the same time as his marriage was secured to him, and the date of it fixed for the following Easter, Albert was helping his friend Montalembert to bear patiently the censure passed at Rome on M. de Lamennais, and on the prematurely liberal *Avenir* in which Montalembert had written some of the most brilliant articles. One of Albert's letters

may be in part quoted, as an example of orthodox optimism : —

Incompatibilité de la liberté avec la religion, me dis-tu : c'est-à-dire, division d'une même âme. Est-ce possible ? Oh ! non, ce sont de vaines terreurs. Liberté veut dire la croix, et Dieu l'a plantée pour être le foyer du genre humain. Regarde les progrès toujours croissants de cette liberté depuis sa descente du ciel. Elle a grandi, grandi, mais sa marche est lente, parce qu'elle veut la foi dans tous les cœurs. Ne la croyons donc morte parce qu'elle n'avance pas au gré de nos désirs. . . . Si tout est fini, d'où vient donc cette sympathie immense entre tous les peuples ? d'où vient ce besoin universel de vie, de religion ?

The time immediately before marriage is seldom cloudless for those who can feel deeply. Already Alexandrine had noted in her diary that "to slight griefs slight pleasures belong, to great happiness immense sorrow is matched."

Separation from her mother and her old companions weighed on her, and the worse separation of her new beliefs from her hereditary creed disturbed her. "Three deaths or one birth would work the change at once," she said one day to Pauline. The death of her mother or her husband, her own, or the birth of a child might have precipitated the crystals of her faith. The saddest of the four chances befell her.

Meantime the last entry in that first part of the memoir of her happiness, which is entitled by Alexandrine "*Amour*," is a prayer for God's blessing, and the last in her book of quotations is St. Paul's saying, "Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give."

The second phase of the love-story began with ten days' unclouded delight, and in Albert's and Alexandrine's happiness that of their families seemed included. Pauline's own marriage to Mr. Craven was at hand. She writes : "Nous étions parvenus au point culminant du bonheur." "Que la vie est jolie !" exclaimed her younger sister Eugénie ; "que sera alors le ciel ? La mort vaut donc mieux que tout cela ?"

And Death was quickening his pace towards them, though the shadow came with uncertain steps.

Ten days after his marriage a slight blood-spitting betrayed a consumptive tendency in Albert. A change from the friendly terraces at Castellamare to Sorrento was the first prescription of the doctors. In September it was advised that he should pass the winter at Pisa, and the young couple established themselves there

in a modest apartment on the Lungo d'Arno.

A time of many trials was coming for them, that only the cheerfulness of these well-poised natures could have made bright. Yet throughout the two years of their union the sunshine so gilds the edge of every cloud that we are more conscious of its splendor than if it were in a clear sky. Meantime, entirely thrown among Catholics, Alexandrine's loyalty to her absent mother's faith intensified her Protestantism, and Princess Lapoukhyn wrote that her daughter's conversion "la clouerait dans le cercueil." Albert felt strongly how dangerous are changes of creed "fondées sur des considérations humaines d'intérêt où même de tendresse ;" and his wife writes of him at that epoch, "sa foi, sa piété m'inspiraient le plus grand respect, et jamais il n'avait l'air de vouloir m'attaquer." Montalembert joined them at Pisa, and learned to love Alexandrine as she deserved. It was a good time for the three friends, however harassing the regimen to which Albert was condemned. Montalembert was full of his royal saint Elizabeth, and eagerly gleaned materials for his future work on the monks of the West. He and his friends read together the early Franciscan poetry and the "Divine Comedy," and sang old hymns he had brought from Germany. He took their letters to the post, bought their roasted chestnuts, and, as they could afford no manservant, went their messages.

Love grew day by day in the enchanted garden of their married life. The three hundred and seventy-nine admirers whom Montalembert had laughingly imputed to Mademoiselle d'Alopeus had not spoiled the simple homeliness of Madame Albert de la Ferronnays. By her economy there was found to be enough money saved for a summer excursion. The "dear dim beginnings of the year" had stirred in Albert his usual longing for travel, and as soon as it was prudent for him he and his wife arranged to go by sea to Odessa, the nearest port to Prince Lapoukhyn's splendid home, Korsen.

The voyage to Naples, undertaken in March as a first stage, seemed good for him, and once again his heart beat to the rhythm of the beautiful nature around him. In a phrase he gives the key to many of the strange extremes which have characterized life in south Italy. "L'Italie est un parfum qui demande une âme forte : encore finirait-elle par être domptée si elle le respirait trop longtemps sans aller se

retremper dans une charité plus active et plus austère."

Of their two months' voyage to Odessa, their life in port and at sea, and the ever-exciting contact of Western with Eastern habits, Alexandrine kept a record as bright as her own spirit, for she had not perceived that the shadows were lengthening for Albert. At Korsen a hemorrhage, which endangered his life, shook her confidence in the future. He quickly recovered his usual gaiety, but she had had a glimpse of widowhood. A long land journey by Vienna to Venice, haunted by doctors, brought them again to Italy. Albert keenly regretted turning away from France, where Montalembert was a leader in the Catholic revival; but it was forbidden to him, and there were hopes of benefit from the Venetian air. Of all countries Italy was most sympathetic to these cultured souls, who possessed the full heritage of the best civilization. "J'aime ce pays," wrote Alexandrine seven years later, "où le blé et la vigne semblent se presser de croître pour servir au plus sacré des mystères; ce pays si doux à l'âme, si enchanteur aux yeux, qu'il me semble qu'en mourant on pourrait se dire, 'Je vais voir bien mieux qu'en Italie!'"

Fresh from Russian influences, it was easier for Alexandrine to appreciate the balancing force of Catholic Christianity, which secures progress by the antagonisms of evolution and conservation. The continual fountain of revelation which vivifies the elder form of Christian law and faith is wanting in Russia, where probably, as a consequence, the old world of respectable custom is perpetually mined by extreme revolutionary doctrines. And even Alexandrine's sentimental Protestantism could not prevent her perceiving that the negations of the sixteenth century could no longer content the reformers of the nineteenth. She was so placed that she could appreciate the vitality under crushing attacks of Western Catholicity, and it was true then, though perhaps more conspicuously true now, that, as Albert wrote to Pauline that autumn, 1835, "un des caractères du temps où nous sommes, c'est que des idées religieuses semblent découler de tous les autres."

As the bonds of a common anxiety were tightened for them, the letters to and from the members of Albert's family are more frequently interwoven in the story of his illness. The other-world light of his sister Eugénie's character, like a star "a little trembling in the grey" of the sad season, becomes more and more visible to her

people until Albert declares her of the three friends, Pauline, Alexandrine, and herself, the most charming.

Sadness, however, was not a characteristic of the little Venetian home, any more than it was of that of Pisa. Alexandrine's orderliness, her good taste, and the high level of her nature, made economy pleasant. She writes to Montalembert: "Si vous saviez, cher Montal, comme je suis enfouie, corps et esprit, dans le ménage, cela-vous ferait pitié et en même temps vous ririez bien. Il ne reste plus vestige de la poétique Alex, entourée comme elle est de provisions." There was all the more of the finest poetry in her life, and in the same letter she writes of reading the Koran, "qui nous intéresse fort, puis du Byron, et du Venise en quantité." Ferdinand, Albert's younger brother, joined them, and fresh charm fell on all their "causeries si douces, si intimes, si gaies."

But an expedition to the Lido went far towards extinguishing the flickering flame of Albert's life. As they walked on the wet sands —

mon pauvre Albert avait l'air d'un oiseau échappé de sa cage. Je suis revenue seule au gondole avec Albert — cette heure fût délicieuse, seuls, sur cette mer ravissante, feuilletant un livre que nous avait prêté Putbus et en appliquant les beaux passages à notre amour, et entre autres celui-ci qui nous charma : *N'est-ce pas souffrir que d'aimer pour une vie seulement ? N'as-tu pas senti le goût des éternelles amours ?* Ah ! l'un de nous devait bientôt les connaître, ces éternelles amours ! Une seule inquiétude troublait cette heure si heureuse pour moi. Albert en marchant s'était mouillé les pieds sur le sable humide du Lido ; cela me tourmentait. J'aurais voulu les sécher dans mes mains.

A month's severe relapse followed. "O Pauline !" Alexandrine writes in the first letter for which she gave herself time, "comme les roses que je voyais dans l'avenir se sont changées en épines ! Toutes mes fleurs sont sechées ou penchent la tête. Est-ce que la rosée d'un beau jour ne la leur fera jamais relever ?"

The dews of death revived the roses of her spiritual garden. For the day was come when Fernand with white lips told her the doctor's verdict. No hope. "En sommes-nous là ? en sommes-nous vraiment là ?" m'ecriai-je. Puis j'ajoutai presque à l'instant : 'A présent je suis catholique.' Et ces mots proférés, la fermeté, sinon le bonheur, entra dans mon âme." It was from the darkest spot in her clouded heaven that light fell on her. On her knees she wrote to her mother of

her coming widowhood and of her fast inflowing convictions. Was it because she knelt, that she could, while her earthly life which she had so passionately lived was shattered, write of the "si douce croyance" she had found? The death of one we love is a great illuminator, and Alexandrine in the foreglow of the coming angel saw that "lorsqu'on découvre quelque chose de plus vrai que ce qu'on a connu jusqu'alors, il est clair que cela devient un devoir de l'adopter." The sentimental barriers that had increased since her complete adoption by the De la Ferronnays family were cast down, and she no longer drew back from spiritual union with her husband for fear it should be too sweet a bribe to her judgment.

Albert's parents and sisters hurried to Venice on hearing of his relapse. From the letters and memoranda of the family during this their first bereavement there rises a perfume of the higher virtues. Hope, faith, and charity, not in these Christians mere moods, but actions of cultured will, abound in every page. A constant worship of sacrifice is the salient characteristic of the group. A pure oblation is perpetual for them, for they have in singular perfection the noblest instinct of redeemed humanity, the instinct which unites us to the victim of Calvary. Nothing is stranger to a reader outside the Temple than the obvious increase of happiness when such oblations of self are accepted. Each of these great hearts of "*Le Récit*" became strong to face and conquer the coming shadow, and even to see that it was cast by the greater light beyond the grave.

When his case was quite beyond cure, Albert was allowed to return to France, and by slow stages his people brought him to Paris. There the veteran Hahnemann was consulted, but he could make no change in the verdict. "During my sixty years of practice," he said, "I have never seen a woman who so loved her husband."

The day came when, having had all due instruction, Alexandrine was admitted to eucharistic communion with Albert. Dressed in white and wearing her bridal veil, the wife knelt by her husband's bed. Mass was said at midnight, for it was hardly hoped that Albert would live beyond the night. The family were all assembled in strange stress of thought and feeling, but the sick man, calm and cheerful, looked hopefully on the bent heads of those around. His wife held his hand — "cette main," she writes, "si sacrée, que, dans le moment le plus saint de ma vie, je ne croy-

ais pas manquer à Dieu en la tenant. Albert me la fit quitter en me disant: 'Va va, sois toute à Dieu.'"

In the first ardors of their affection they had not shunned the divine presence, and now, together in the light of the divine love, they received their double *viaticum* — he for the journey of the grave, and she for the upward journey of widowed life.

There can be affectation even in dying words, and unreality in the presence of the supreme reality; yet by the conditions of Albert's short life, and by the quality of the love borne to one another by him and his wife, this is a death that may well be studied by the psychologist.

A group of notable Christians respectfully waited on it, and it was for the future good of many that Montalembert and the Abbé Gerbet had been there. Who shall say how his friend's death wrought on the brilliant statesman? The keynote of all the letters and memorials written during the days between that first and last communion and Albert's death is happiness. Sweetness and light are in all their hearts. Pauline, arriving in the serene air from the outer world, writes: "Humainement parlant, on ne pouvait assister à un spectacle plus déchirant, et cependant l'impression étrange dont je parle fut celle d'un bonheur auprès duquel celui de tous les heureux que j'allais retrouver en les quittant me parut une illusion."

Alexandrine's *histoire* ends here, but her journal, edited by Mrs. Craven with perfect appreciation of its value, is the link which unites in a chaplet the letters and papers of the relations and friends who were of one heart in their comprehension of Albert's life. The second volume of "*Le Récit*" shows how Alexandrine like a strong swimmer breasted pain, and as the "vesture of decay" dropped from her life, the seeds of immortality are more and more visible. Indeed, the family history is henceforth saturated with perfume of the other world, and all that is repulsive in death is transmuted to beauty. The existence of Alexandrine and her companions goes far to prove in the report of it the reasonableness of their faith. The sweet uses of their life commend themselves to all who really desire the best progress of humanity, while at the same time on these people there falls so obviously supernatural a light that we must needs ask seriously from whence it comes, and what is the vision of which the reflection is so bright.

When death is the minister of reward rather than of punishment, all the aspects

of life are transfigured, and if death be greeted as a familiar friend the discords between fact and desire are all but healed. These bereaved Christians could be so "in love with him" as to gain from him serene and even gay contentment. They drank from his cup, though it was in form a skull, and found in it the waters of the river of life.

There is no need to remind our readers of how death is present in all the nobler literature of the world. The "*Récit*" puts our hand within the shadow hand, and teaches the uses of this reconciliation; for in these memoirs is shown, perhaps more than in any other since St. Augustine's autobiography, how human energy is developed and human progress is secured by a true perception of the place that death holds in the order of our life.

Those who stood round Albert's death-bed each in his or her several way illustrated the tonic value of the doctrine of immortality. His widow grew to be a type of that broad charity to rich and poor which is so sorely needed in our over-individualized world. Eugénie, who seems to have felt a special attraction towards her "high-born kinsman," and who was early taken away by him, was a tender wife and devoted mother to sons who are now "gospellers" among the working-men of France, as their mother would have loved to have them, Count Albert de Mun's name becoming known even to English newspaper readers as the young officer who has done so much good work among the *blouses*. Of Pauline (Mrs. Craven) the time is not yet come to speak, but of those she reveals to us it were hard to say whether Alexandrine or Eugénie best illustrates the beauty of holiness and that religion which is the open blossom of the universal law, and the effect of which, as was nobly said in a former number of this review, is "to suffuse with a divine light relations and duties which before were simply personal and social."

Of Eugénie's journal, from which there are many extracts in "*Le Récit*," Montalembert writes to M. Rio :—

Tu sais que je suis assez versé depuis quel-que temps dans la littérature ascétique, dans l'étude des saintes et belles pensées que l'amour de Dieu et du ciel a dictées aux âmes élues. Eh bien ! je te déclare, la main sur la conscience, que jamais et nulle part, pas même dans Suso, je n'ai lu quelque chose de plus admirable, de plus délicieux, de plus édifiant.

There is something of a transfigured Juliet in the form sketched for us by Mrs.

Craven when, eleven years after Albert's death and but seven months before her own, Alexandrine, one July day in 1847, returning from her daily visit to Albert's grave, opened her heart with special fullness to her friend and sister.

En sortant [Mrs. Craven writes] d'un champ de blé et en arrivant sur la route qui mène au château, je me retournai, et, regardant le ciel du côté où le soleil se couchait dans une lueur si belle que ce triste site en était embelli, je dis, "J'aime le soleil couchant !" "Pas moi," dit Alexandrine ; "depuis mes malheurs (expression très-rare dans sa bouche et dont je me souviens à cause de cela), depuis mes malheurs le coucher du soleil me fait un effet triste : il amène la nuit et je n'aime pas la nuit : j'aime le matin, j'aime le printemps : ce sont des choses qui me représentent la réalité de la vie éternelle. La nuit me représente les ténèbres et le péché ; le soir me fait penser que tout finit, et tout cela est triste : mais le matin et le printemps rappellent que tout se réveille et renaît. C'est là ce que j'aime."

Nous continuâmes ainsi notre chemin, et lorsque nous venions de passer la grille, elle me dit ces mots, en poursuivant un autre discours que nous avions entamé : "Tiens, jette-toi donc dans la pensée que tout ce qui nous plaît tant sur terre n'est absolument qu'une ombre, et que la vérité de tout cela est au ciel. Et aimer, aimer, après tout, n'est-ce pas, sur terre, ce qu'il y a de plus doux ? Je te demande s'il n'est pas facile de concevoir qu'aimer l'amour même doit être la perfection de cette douceur, et aimer Jésus-Christ, ce n'est pas autre chose, pourvu que nous sachions l'aimer absolument comme on aime sur terre. Je ne me serais jamais consolée, si je n'avais pas appris que cet amour-là existe pour Dieu, et celui-là dure toujours." Je répondis à cela plusieurs choses, inutiles à rapporter, et nous arrivâmes au banc qui est assez près du château. Il y avait plusieurs personnes sur le perron ; je la retins, et nous nous assimes sur le banc causant encore. Peu après, elle se leva pour aller cueillir une branche de jasmin le long du mur ; elle me la donna, en en gardant un petit brin dans sa main, et resta debout devant moi, continuant la conversation. Je lui avais dit : "Tu es bien heureuse d'aimer Dieu comme cela !" Elle me répondit (et ses paroles, son expression, son attitude, demeureront toujours gravées dans ma pensée) : "Oh ! Pauline, comment veux-tu que je n'aime pas Dieu ? Comment veux-tu que je ne sois pas transportée quand je pense à lui ? Comment veux-tu que j'aie à cela du mérite même celui de la foi, quand je pense au miracle qu'il a fait dans mon âme ; quand je sens qu'après avoir tant aimé et désiré le bonheur de la terre, l'avoir eu, l'avoir perdu et avoir été au comble du désespoir, j'ai aujourd'hui l'âme si transformée et si remplie de bonheur, que tout celui que j'ai connu ou imaginé n'est rien, rien du tout en comparaison ?"

Surprise de l'entendre parler ainsi, je lui

dis: "Mais si on remittait là, devant toi, la vie telle que tu l'avais rêvée avec Albert, et qu'on te la promît pour de longues années?"

Elle répondit sans hésiter: "Je ne la reprendrais pas!"

Her passionate and resolute nature, athirst for truth, had found in suffering, and by due education of emotion, larger truths and broader sympathies than her intellect alone could have conceived. She could say, when her eyes had been opened by beneficent pain, with Madame Swetchine: "La vie était belle et heureuse et de plus en plus heureuse, belle et intéressante."

Her love for her husband had been a seed that, buried in his grave, now "filled the whole earth," so that all life, all circumstance seemed to her bright and full of cheer. "I weep my Albert gaily," she could say. In her correspondence, as she outgrew reverie and egotism, there was a frank courage in all good action and a great tenderness for those she loved. She wrote fast and briefly; for though calm, she was always in haste to finish what she had to do. In sight of the wealth and waste of Paris the passion of poverty seized her. She could not deny herself enough for her poor, even to being herself insufficiently clothed and fed. There are a hundred anecdotes of her sweet neighborliness at home and abroad. As she neared death her face became more and more radiantly happy. "Est-il possible qu'on meure si doucement?" she asked a friend with nearly her last breath. "Je suis joyeuse, heureuse, je vais vers le ciel; ce sera si joli de se retrouver tous." Her last written words were of tender farewell to her "liebe süsse Mama," for not one natural sympathy had been lessened by the growth in her of the larger charities.

Madame de la Ferronnays survived but a year. "Oh!" exclaims her daughter, "toute la suavité de son âme et de sa vie est devenue plus suave encore dans sa mort!"

These records of religious life and its relations to morality are welcomed by a larger number of readers in all classes and of all shades of belief than would be readily believed by those who incline to think religious influences well nigh exhausted. These memoirs of a family essentially of the actual world are a revelation of him who is to many the unknown yet the desired God.

That the De la Ferronnays family took high place in European society is almost a warrant that no fanaticism marred the aspirations of these "elect ladies" and finished gentlemen. Religion was for them

an entirely healthy outlet for the nobler emotions, and from their reliques we may see that as their piety grew so their sympathies were enlarged, while their widening culture strengthened and concentrated their aims.

When we remember the failure of some among the best painters of manners to draw that special product of Christian civilization, a gentleman, we should acknowledge thankfully Mrs. Craven's adequate presentment of our ideal, whether in her portraits from life or in her fictions. The fiascos of the best artists in romance, when they attempt to combine hero and gentleman, suggest that no Attic flavor can replace the Christian salt in perfecting human nature to the point we mean.

Caricature as he is, how we venerate Don Quixote, gentleman and believer! And of modern creations what Pelham or Waverley, what Duke of Omnium or Daniel Deronda satisfies our taste as does the exquisite Christian, Colonel Newcome? The rarity of gentleman in French and German fiction seems in proportion to the rarity of religious convictions among French and German novelwrights, while where they do exist, however indefinitely, as in George Sand, we find greater power to describe that particular product of the Christian world.

Mrs. Craven has, in this as in other respects, justified the claim of her Church to be the mother of universal and noble art. And in a time when so many are eagerly seeking for the missing link between the human and the divine, and when Manichæism is busy among discouraged Christians, she has done good work by her brave reconnection of the fullest life with ardent piety. She "takes up the whole of love and utters it" as it existed in her own family, and as she knows it exists wherever there are ardent natures. She tells us what it is to love "jusqu'à ne pouvoir aimer davantage sans mourir;" she fears no height of emotion in her consciousness of God's good-will and power to guide his creatures; and her latest novel, "*Le Mot de l'Enigme*," is a noble vindication in romance of that liberty and developed power which man attains by faith.

It was in the fit order of things that a Catholic trained by such experience as Mrs. Craven's should have pointed above and beyond the controversies forced on her Church to that higher life the key of which, if held by any religion, is a principal title to our respect for it.

In truth she has the gift of opportuneness. She knows how to charm modern ears and how to persuade persons of all tempers and various scepticisms by her sweet presentment of beautiful life. In her novels she delights all who are satiated by false realism when she lets them hear the very heart-beats of intensest emotion, and sketches for them "things lovely, things of good report."

By stress of insight and sympathy with the pain and passion of her fellow-creatures, Mrs. Craven rises almost unawares to theological heights. At last here is a Christian writer of the "straitest sect," who yet has the enthusiasm of true civilization. Recognizing the dignity of life, she does not refuse to believe in its best evolution, and she has courage to point out the divine law and beauty in human emotion of the nobler sort. She is of her age in her recognition of what is fair in the physical universe, but she proves herself an artist of all ages in her subordination of material to intellectual and spiritual beauty. Since the Florentines of the fifteenth century, few, if any, have so rendered the charm of Italian landscape as she does in various passages of her novels; but, also like those Florentines and early Venetians, the landscape is but the paradise wherein dwell noble forms of men and women.

M. C. BISHOP.

From *The Argosy*.

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

A TRUE STORY.

I.

CONSIDERING that he really loved her, he *had* perhaps been rather long in making up his mind: but then, it must be allowed he had an unusual number of temptations to remain single. His home was a very comfortable one. He was idolized by his mother, looked up to and made much of by his brothers and sisters, had his own suite of rooms, and everything about him so perfect, what wonder that he was in no great hurry? Though he had always meant to marry some time, of course; to have a nice home of his own; and he had always meant to marry the one the world held most dear to him; the girl who had been his baby-companion and youthful sweetheart.

Though no word of love had been spoken between them since he used to walk home from school with her, when

she was but fifteen and he barely twenty, they had not ceased to regard each other with tender feelings; yet for the last five years he might have married any time, so to speak, having been sufficiently "well off." He had somehow not done so. There had always seemed plenty of time. *She* was always the same to him. He had, almost unconsciously, half feared that if he married he might find himself, comparatively speaking, in poor circumstances. He had, involuntarily, pictured himself as unable to dress so carefully and modishly as now; as having to deny himself good wines, good cigars, cabs, and various other things — small, perhaps, in themselves, but mounting up in the year. Now, however, there was no necessity to go into such trifles; he had saved largely during the last few years, and at thirty-five years of age had determined to marry at once. It was not a worthless offer he would have to make his Angelina. So far as he was concerned, he might without vanity consider himself good-looking, and a favorite with society; more deservedly so, perhaps, than half the men of his acquaintance; for besides a pleasing manner, he had a fine tenor voice, and sang well; and last, though far from least, he was a fast-rising literary man; had long since been recognized as a writer of no mean merit, and was making his way accordingly. In literary circles, by a certain class, he was welcomed with delight, and by all with respect and a certain amount of admiration.

Reflections more or less like this ran through his mind on this his thirty-fifth birthday, as he rolled luxuriously home from chambers, in a hansom, smoking a choice cigar. And having taken this not altogether unsatisfactory inventory of himself, his thoughts turned to her, his darling. There was no one like her in the world. She had not, perhaps, a handsome face, but surely it was beautiful, so pure and lofty, with its sweet grey eyes. Then her dear little white hands, always so busy — how many thousand times he had pictured them at work by *his* fireside, how many thousand times he had pictured those soft eyes brightening up at his return at night! None but himself knew how near he had been, many a time and oft, doing the deed. Sometimes when spending evenings with "the girls" at his mother's house, she would look so bewitching in her plain dress, generally black silk, with lace collar and cuffs, that he could not help noticing how different she was from other women, and a sudden longing would come

to make her his own. Sometimes when she sang little simple songs, in a voice, and with a manner, that would have almost drawn tears from a stone, the words had almost trembled on his lips; but upon the whole it had been better to wait until he had fame to offer her as well as love.

He would ask her to-morrow to share with him all he had made of a name, and he felt how happy he would be able to make her, and it would be a grateful change for *her*, poor girl. Her life had been a bit hard since her father's death, when she took to daily teaching to help to keep up their home. They were not poor, exactly. No; they had a very pretty, cozy little house, but there were a good many younger sisters and brothers growing up, and Angelina would not be a burden in any way upon her mother; she would rather add her mite to the general store, than take anything from it. Thus it came to pass that for the last five years she had taught daily, and the man who was now about to make her his wife loved and honored her for it from the bottom of his heart. He dismissed his cab at the corner of the square. His mother had a *soirée* in honor of the birthday, and he would slip in unnoticed and have time to dress.

Just as the cab rolled off, a friendly hand was laid upon his shoulder and a friendly voice saluted him — that of an old Oxford chum. They had been very intimate at college, and the friendship had never been allowed quite to fall through. "So glad to see you, old boy! Just been to your place, and hearing you were out, was coming away disconsolate. I want you to come down to me in September. Now don't say no; you'll forget how to handle a gun, you know, if you go on like this. Two years since you honored my preserves, and on your own showing you've honored no one else's. Do come, there's a dear fellow; I've three or four of your set coming, and at least a dozen dying to be introduced to you, to say nothing of the ladies, several of whom are lion-hunters."

The answer came after a moment's pause, and, strange to say, with a blush like a girl.

"Well, Frank, I should really be delighted to accept your invitation, but I am afraid it—it would be impossible this year."

"You don't mean to say you're thinking of marrying? you have rather a guilty appearance."

Our friend Edwin (who was, we know, not only *thinking* of marrying, but had arrived

at the full determination of doing so without delay, and had actually chosen *that* month, in his heart, for his honeymoon) laughed a little, and owned the soft impeachment. "Yes, he was going to marry, but he hoped *that* need not part old friends like them."

"Oh! well, it was very bad hearing—an awful pity," etc., etc. "Almost as great a blow as if some one told me I was to be married immediately myself."

After some more light talk, the friends parted—Frank to the dinner at his club, where he informed some kindred spirits that "another good man had gone wrong," and Edwin to the home where his handsome face and graceful figure were welcomed gladly by other gentle hearts than those of his mother and sisters.

II.

ON the evening following the events recorded in our last chapter our friend Edwin bent his steps towards the home of his lady-love. He was always welcome there: they all liked him, and at many a pleasant little musical evening his rich voice had played a conspicuous part. On this particular night, however, he does not care to see any of the others; he wants only his Angelina, to make fully known to her *all* his love, and to rest at last in the warm sunshine of that sweet smile which is for the future to illumine every day of all his life. Fortune seems to favor him. "Lina" and her mother are for once quite alone. The young people have gone to the theatre. Lina was a little overtired, and preferred to remain with her mother. The trio had not been talking many minutes before a servant called away the mistress, and *they were alone!*

She was knitting a stocking, and a little ball of cotton lay in her lap. He stooped forward from his chair beside her, and possessing himself of the little ball, began slowly unwinding and re-winding the cotton. He had not imagined the words would be so hard to speak, but now, with those clear eyes and that unconcerned expression before him, he found it difficult to begin. "Lina, I came here to-night to ask you to be my wife." Better not to beat about the bush; now it was *done*, and he sat up straight and looked at her. "Will you marry me?"

A faint blush spread over the pale cheek, and a slight start accompanied it, that sent the little ball upon its travels. After stooping for a moment to recover it, she turned upon him a face white as if the moon shone upon it. "No! I cannot marry

you." Then rising, she continued very quietly, but with a tremulous voice: "I am very sorry, but I cannot marry you," and would have left the room.

At first he had seemed stunned; but when he saw her going he sprang up and intercepted the movement.

"Lina, you cannot leave me like this. At least, explain your conduct."

Then she stood passively before him, very pale, and, as he now saw for the first time, very worn and sorrowful looking.

"I have nothing more to say. I can only repeat that I can never marry you."

"Why not? do you not care for me?"

Then came the answer that froze the very blood in his veins, it was spoken so calmly and sadly. "No, Edwin, *not now*. But," she added, with a deep sigh, "if I must speak, I had better tell you the truth."

Here she looked at him with a faint smile, and clasped her hands tightly together. "If you had loved me enough to make me your wife before you became rich, we might have been happy. God knows, I loved you *then*. But the years that have followed have altered me so that sometimes I scarcely recognize myself. I have grown old in heart, and no longer desire to form any ties beyond those I have already. I loved you once very dearly, but through all these years it has been dying, and it is long now since I told myself that, though we might always be friends, my love was dead."

"No, not dead. Oh! my darling, I never dreamed of this, or that your life was really hard, as your words imply. Forgive me, Lina, and don't look at me with that still look. My own, my only love, I shall go mad if you cast me off."

"Hush! there is some one coming. Good-bye, you will soon forget this. I have learned to forget. I am sorry you have spoken now; the hope that you ever would died long before the love of which it was born. You will find some woman younger and fairer than I, who am no longer young; she, perhaps, will love you now as I *once* did. Good-bye."

She held out to him her little, cold, white hand; he mechanically took it, dropped it, and she was gone.

When mamma returned from her visit to the kitchen she found poor Edwin "all abroad." At first, being short-sighted, she noticed nothing, but after some vague conversation he rose, and, complaining of not feeling quite "up to the mark," took his leave. Mamma afterwards described

his appearance as being that of one walking in his sleep.

She had refused him! His first feeling was one of surprise; intense, blank surprise. He had so often pictured this meeting, but so differently, that, now it was over, the aching surprise seemed more than he could bear. Next came sorrow, then anger; then he thought of all she had said, which came evidently from her heart of hearts. He felt how selfish his conduct had been; why had he not been by her side all those years and shielded her from this hard life? She had called herself no longer young, and he had noticed lines in that brow which had used to be so smooth and fair. In his despair he groaned aloud. His love for her was greater than ever; he could not bear this punishment. No! he would write to her and beg forgiveness: she used to be so loving years ago: he would write a letter that no woman could withstand. And with this grain of comfort in his ocean of trouble, he went home thoroughly tired out by the long walk he had taken.

The best part of the next day he spent in composing the letter that was to do so much, and before it was finally folded and placed in its envelope the floor of his chamber looked as if a snowstorm had passed over it. The letter contained deep contrition for having allowed her to work as she had done, and many sincere regrets that he had not asked her, when they were both younger, to share life with him, but (and then came the part about which, unconsciously to himself, blinded as he was with self, there was a false ring) he "had waited till he had a *name*, such at it was, as well as a *home* to offer her," etc.

The five years which by him had been spent in comfort and affluence had been spent by her in hard, uncongenial work, and her heart had died within her; all girlish ideas of love and marriage had flown forever: this last he saw, but he quite forgot the cause. However, there was still a faint ray of hope, and with the first feeling of comfort he had experienced for two long days, he turned his back upon the post-office into which he had dropped the all-important letter.

III.

As soon as it would have been possible for him to receive an answer, supposing she wrote immediately, he watched eagerly for the postman, and that was the following day at breakfast time. He was not exactly disappointed at not getting one *then*; of course her answer would take a

little time and thought; probably she would write during the day, and he would get it at night. On his return in the evening he did feel a pang when he found nothing awaiting him. Hope, however, again "told a flattering tale;" he must not be impatient: a dozen trivial things might have taken up her time, for hers were hands that always found work to do. Doubtless her answer would reach him on the following day. But alas! the next day brought the same result, and the next, and the next, and he had just begun to admit to himself that the letter was a failure, when another ray of hope unexpectedly lightened his dark prospects.

He gained from a conversation he overheard between his mother and sisters that Angelina had left her home to nurse a sick aunt in the country; a maiden aunt, who lived alone. She had gone the day after that on which he had made her the offer, and had not received his letter, therefore, *before* she went. Dying hope now sprung up almost as strong as ever. Perhaps the letter had never been forwarded, or not until now; perhaps it had been mislaid; perhaps the aunt had been so ill that Angelina could not even find time to write him a line. He resolutely turned a deaf ear to the voice of his heart, which began, "*Love* would have found time." Perhaps fifty things; but oh, heart! close thy doors against the cold, dreadful feeling of despair, the certainty that his appeal was vain. So the next week stole away, and the next, and the next, and his sorrow, now a month old, was growing heavier every day.

One morning, just as the fifth week had commenced, he found on his study table a little modest-looking note in *her* pretty, careful hand. She began by apologizing for the delay which was caused by the letter having been mislaid, and only now forwarded to her, and she then thanked him for the honor he had done her; but she really meant what she had said: and though she regretted it, she could *never* marry him. They were unsuited to each other — and so forth.

He felt for the moment, as he pressed his hand to his head, as if his mind were leaving him. This calmness of hers was so crushing. But he had one *last* card to play; he would see her once more, and all that mortal man could do to make her change this terrible decree *he* would do, and with a flushed cheek and an unnatural light in his eye, he hurried from the house.

On the following day, a lovely day in

the beginning of August, he arrived at N —, a pretty little Hampshire village, and after making a few inquiries, found the house, — a little cottage villa on the outskirts of the village. As he walked up the shady road leading to the house, hat in hand, enjoying the refreshing breeze, for the heat of the day was over, his quick eyes perceived the two ladies in the garden. The old lady, now convalescent, was seated in a low American chair on the lawn. It was five o'clock, and they were taking tea, which was spread on the grass. Angelina sat at her aunt's feet. It was a long time since he had seen her with this *sans-souci* air — it reminded him of ten years ago. She wore a thin, white dress, and a long waving lock of her brown hair had escaped from the neat *coiffe* in which she always wore it. Years seemed to have been lifted from her shoulders since he last saw her, but the pretty apple-blossom in her cheeks, which improved her so wonderfully, quickly faded when she recognized their visitor.

After first greetings, he muttered something about being in the neighborhood, and thinking he might be allowed the privilege of calling. He then devoted himself to the aunt, who straightway fell in love with him, and thinking with wonderful acuteness that he had come to see Lina, determined that he should have an opportunity of doing so. She therefore presently requested Angelina to take him into the house and give him some tea: she would prefer remaining out a little longer, if they would kindly excuse her. The opportunity had come, but it was of no use; he begged, he entreated, to no avail. She "no longer loved him," and *nothing* could induce her to marry him now.

Half in madness, half in anger, and all in love, he asked her did she mean to remain as she was, with no one to love her when she grew old, and perhaps had to work until she could do so no longer?

She smiled a saddish little smile, and said, "Most likely it would be so, but that would be better than marrying any one you did not love, and who only married you from a feeling of pity; and now she never wished to hear anything more about marrying. It was like her youth — to her a thing of the past."

He gazed at her for a moment — the brown hair parted evenly over the white brow, the soft, steady grey eyes, the sweet sad mouth — and afraid to trust himself a moment longer, he seized his hat and rushed like a madman from the house. Indeed, he was just then little better than

mad. Now his hope was *really* dead; at last he knew it.

For a long-time people wondered much what was the matter with Edwin. Some—the sentimental, mostly ladies—guessed pretty near the truth; others—the practical, mostly his bosom friends—thought bad investments, or dyspepsia. The only one who ever really knew the exact state of the case was the friend of whom mention has been made before in these pages. They met in town, already deserted, the last week in August. His friend at once saw something had gone wrong, and after some light commonplaces he gave Edwin a comforting slap on the shoulder and an encouraging word or so. "Something wrong, old man? Don't be down-hearted; not much, I hope. Not got into the hands of the Jews, have you?"

"No, Frank, thanks; not that kind of trouble; that isn't my way, as you know. Something worse than even *that*. I shall lose the holiday on which, as I told you, I had set my heart. I am *not* going away next month."

"Not going to be married just yet, after all? Perhaps you will come, then, to ——" But something stopped him. "How selfish I am. You don't mean to say she wouldn't have you?"

"That's just it. Now don't say 'there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught;' won't do here, Frank. I don't mind telling you—you're a good fellow, and won't talk about me to any of them; but I've loved her all my life, and it is an awful blow. Good-bye."

Ten years after, when Edwin was bald and grey, and Angelina's brown hair itself thickly streaked with silver, they met again. The first three of those ten years she had spent with her aunt. For the remaining seven she had been the wife of a hard-working country doctor. They met amongst the pictures at Burlington House. She was leading by the hand a bright-haired child of about six summers. And he was alone. Oh, so alone!

From Macmillan's Magazine.

JANNINA—GREEK OR TURKISH?

RECENT telegrams from Athens have more than once announced the fact that deputations of Epirotes have assembled in front of King George's palace, demanding that the cession of Jáninna to Greece

shall be insisted upon. As the name is an unfamiliar one to the general public, and yet possesses no little interest, the present may perhaps be a fitting opportunity for briefly stating the relation in which Jáninna stands to the present Greek kingdom; that is, what its history has been, and how far it can fairly lay claim to a union with Greece. The part of Epirus to which it belongs was included in the new frontier recommended at the Berlin Congress. But the Turks have lately shown themselves restive on this point.

And first as to its position, Jáninna, or, as it was formerly called, Joánnina, stands in a valley of Epirus (or southern Albania), one thousand feet above the sea, surrounded by lofty mountains, and on the western shore of a fine lake. A line drawn almost straight inland from the Albanian coast opposite to Corfu would reach Jáninna after traversing several other valleys running parallel to the coast, the distance being about fifty miles. On the east rises Mount Mitzikéli, celebrated for its abrupt steepness and rugged majesty. Behind this, in the north-east, is seen the Pindus range, covered with snow. On the west, the valley is guarded by the lower ridge of Mount Olytzika, the first of a series of heights sloping down gradually to the Adriatic. Many writers have celebrated the natural beauties of Jáninna, including Lord Broughton, Sir Henry Holland, Rev. T. S. Hughes, Col. Leake, Lady Strangford, and others. Let one description, by a traveller approaching from the south, suffice:—

Knowing our vicinity to Joánnina, we were now impatient to obtain the first view of that city, which is long concealed from the eye by the low eminences traversing the plain.* At length, when little more than two miles distant, the whole view opened suddenly before us; a magnificent scene, and one that is still almost single in my recollection. A large lake spreads its waters along the base of a lofty and precipitous mountain which forms the first ridge of Pindus on this side, and which, as I had afterwards reason to believe, attains an elevation of more than twenty-five hundred feet above the level of the plain. Opposed to the highest summit of this mountain, and to a small island which lies at its base, a peninsula stretches forward to the lake from its western shore, terminated by a perpendicular face of rock. This peninsula forms the fortress of Joánnina; a lofty wall is its barrier on the land side; the waters which lie around its outer cliffs reflect from their surface the irreg-

* Compare Byron, *Childe Harold*, ii. 52.

"Unseen is Jánina, though not remote,
Veiled by the screen of hills."

ular yet splendid outline of a Turkish seraglio, and the domes and minarets of two Turkish mosques, environed by ancient cypresses. The eye, receding backwards from the fortress of the peninsula, reposes upon the whole extent of the city as it stretches along the western borders of the lake. Repose, indeed, it may not unfitly be called, since both the reality and fancy combine in giving to the scenery the character of a vast and beautiful picture spread out before the sight.*

By a later writer it is called "at once the fortress and the granary of Epirus."†

So much then for the natural aspect of Jánnina; let us now glance at its history. The absence of any sign of its existence in classical antiquity has been accounted for by the supposition that the lake, the upper part of which even now is, usually, little more than a marsh, was two thousand years ago no lake at all. But though no ancient city could be identified with the spot, tradition long connected it with Dodona, the seat of the famous oracle of Zeus, dating back, even in Homer's estimation, to the hoarest antiquity, and the very cradle of Greek civilization. Even so experienced an observer as Col. Leake came to the conclusion, after long examination of the spot, that here Dodona had stood, and that Mount Mitzikéli was to be identified with the Mount Tamoros of antiquity. Now, however, this notion must be finally given up, the researches of M. Karapanos having two years ago laid bare the actual site of Dodona, at Dramisus, in the adjoining valley of Tcharacovista, some six miles south-west of Jánnina.‡ Jánnina, then, cannot be associated directly either with old Greek history or legend; but it may be noted that if the new frontier of the Greek kingdom excludes Jánnina, it will also exclude the actual site of Dodona, there being no possible *raison d'être* for a line drawn between the two places.

The fact is that the foundation of the city is nowhere recorded, though from various references in the Byzantine historians, it seems probable that the site was occupied in the early days of that empire. We hear of a bishop suffragan of Jánnina in 673, and another is mentioned as taking part in the Council of Constantinople in

879. But the first actual mention of the city is made by Anna Comnena, who records its occupation in 1082 by Bohemond, son of the famous Robert Guiscard, who reformed the citadel, then in a state of dilapidation (*ἐπιτορμήσας*), and defeated under its walls the imperial forces, led by Alexius Comnenus, uncle of the historian. From the time of this Norman inroad Jánnina disappears from history till the capture of Constantinople by the Franks (1204), and the consequent foundation of the "despotate" of Epirus, or of the West, by Michael Angelos, a natural son of Constantine Angelos, who having married a daughter of the governor of Durazzo, quickly subdued and united under his sway Epirus, Acarnania, and Ætolia, with the strong cities of Jánnina, Arta, and Naupactus.* Finlay, in the volume of his history which treats of mediæval Greece, has given some account of the character of this rule, and of the general condition of Epirus at the time. The Greeks, whom he describes as wealthy and prosperous, both as merchants and as large proprietors of land, were confined generally to the towns, and formed the most solid element of the population as they do to this day. The Wallachians in the north-east, and the Albanian mountaineers, still half-barbarians, were kept in submission by an army of mercenaries. The despots all assumed the title of Angelos Komnenos Ducas, but very little is heard about them except their wars and alliances with the Byzantine emperors and the Latin princes. Thomas, the last in direct line, was murdered in 1318, and a succession of similar assassinations left the throne in charge of Anne, daughter of Andronicus Palæologus, who held it for her son Nicephorus II. Epirus was invaded and conquered in 1337 by the emperor Andronicus III. But he was not long in possession, for in 1350 the whole country was overrun by Stephen Dushan, king of Servia, who made himself master of Epirus and great part of Thessaly. In fact, to quote the words of Finlay, "The history of Epirus after its conquest by Stephen becomes mixed up with the wars of the Servians, Albanians, Franks, and Greeks in the neighboring provinces until the whole fell into the hands of the Turks †

* Holland's Travels in the Ionian Isles, p. 94 (1815).

† *Itinéraire de l'Orient. Grèce et Turquie d'Europe*, par Emile Isambert (Hachette's Guide-Joanne), 1873.

‡ It is a curious fact that Col. Leake accurately describes these very ruins of Dramisus without the least suspicion of their identity with Dodona. His plan of the site corresponds minutely, so far as it goes, with that of M. Karapanos. See Northern Greece, vol. I., p. 266.

* See various references to Byzantine historians in Hughes's Travels in Albania, vol. ii., p. 11.

† Finlay's History of Greece (new edition, 1877), vol. iv., pp. 121, 599. The chief authority for the history of Jánnina at this time is an anonymous MS. history found by Pougueville (French consul at Jánnina about 1790) in the famous monastery of Meteora in Thessaly. This and another of later date are given in an appendix to vol. iv of Leake's Northern Greece.

under Amurath II., in 1431, not, however, until they had been twice gallantly repulsed. The Ottomans in Jännina were at first not much more than two hundred, but they soon multiplied. Still, thanks to privileges secured at their conquest, the citizens managed to avoid for nearly two centuries the continual wars which raged in this part of the world between Venetians and Turks. In 1612, however, a rash insurrection got up by a wandering fanatic, Dionysius, known as the Dog-sophist, gave the conquerors an excuse for strong measures to stifle it, and Jännina was put on the same footing as that of other conquered towns.

Meanwhile, with the increase of the Ottoman population, numerous conversions, and especially the enforced enrolment of Greek children among the Janissaries of the Porte, led to the strengthening of the Mussulman element at the expense of the Christian. And in 1635 this movement was still further advanced by an incident which, though in itself creditable to the Epirotes, was otherwise interpreted by their superiors. The Christians of Epirus had retained the privilege of drawing revenues from certain lands, on condition of serving when called upon in the ranks of the Ottoman cavalry. The holders of these lands were called Spahis. In 1634 the sultan Amurath V. was engaged in a fight with the Persians, and when the latter were getting the better of the Ottoman troops a sudden charge on the part of the Epirote Spahis changed the threatened rout into a brilliant victory. This circumstance led the sultan to reflect on the dangers of such valor if directed against himself, and a decree was issued withdrawing the privileges of Spahis from all but Mussulmans, which meant to these unfortunate people ruin or conversion. We can hardly wonder that under such circumstances, they chose the latter course.

In 1675 Jännina was visited by the first European travellers, Spon and Wheler, who describe it as a larger town than Arta, and inhabited by rich Greek merchants. Sir Henry Holland, in 1812, mentions that one particular school had been founded one hundred and thirty years before. We may conclude, therefore, that about the time which we have now reached sprang up that enlightened interest in Greek culture which has ever since distinguished Jännina.* That any germ of

learning should have found sustenance in Greece at a time when the whole country was in the lowest state of degradation says much for the soil whence it sprung, and may well explain the present anxiety of the Greeks that men who have deserved so well of their country as the citizens of Jännina have should be allowed to share in the freedom from foreign domination which the kingdom of Greece enjoys.

It will not be necessary here to touch, except briefly, upon the remarkable career of Ali, pasha of Jännina, whose fame it was doubtless that attracted so many European travellers to that city at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century. An Albanian by descent, but born in the service of the Porte, he worked his way up till he had not only acquired, possession of the pashalik of south Albania, with Jännina for his capital, but had also extended it till it included the greater part of Thessaly, and all western Greece. He has been described as a rebel against the Turk, a tyrant towards the Greek, a cruel oppressor of Christian and Moslem alike, though it is probable that, as showing how the Turkish power could be resisted, he did some service to the Greek cause. "His ability was displayed," says Finlay, "in subduing the Albanians, cheating the Ottoman government, and ruling the Greeks. . . . Under his government Joännina became the literary capital of the Greek nation — colleges, libraries, and schools flourished and enjoyed independent endowments." Not, we may be sure, that he was personally interested, or gave direct help in such matters, but he allowed the wealthy Greeks to devote themselves and their money to what they felt to be the good cause, and we cannot doubt that their exertions conferred a real and lasting benefit on their nation. Let us hear the various witnesses as to the condition of Jännina in his time and before it. Lord Byron, in a note to the second canto of "Childe Harold," commenting on a statement that "Athens is still (*i.e.*, in 1810) the most polished city of Greece," says: —

Perhaps this may be said of Greece, but not of the *Greeks*; for Joännina in Epirus is universally allowed, amongst themselves, to be

Greek communities at Venice and elsewhere, says, "Jännina especially became a veritable nursery of *didascali*, who in their turn were placed successively at the head of other schools in the Peloponnese, continental Greece, Thessaly, Macedonia, Chios, etc. Such were Eugène Boulgaris, Nicephorus Theotoki, John Dimitriadis, Athanasius Psallida, Lambros Photiadis, Constantine Economos, George Gennadios, and others, whose names at this period sounded from one end to the other of the Hellenic East."

* This view is held by M. Paparrigopoulos, the native historian of Hellenic civilization, who after describing the renaissance of public instruction in the seventeenth century as largely due to the generosity of the

superior in the wealth, refinement, learning, and dialect of its inhabitants.*

Mr. Hobhouse (afterwards Lord Brough-ton), Byron's friend and fellow-traveller, speaks to the same effect, and gives some details as to the schools existing in the city. Dr. (afterwards Sir Henry) Holland, says:—

The Greeks of Joánnina are celebrated among their countrymen for their literary habits, and unquestionably merit the repute they have obtained from this source. The literature of the place is intimately connected with its commercial character. The wealth acquired by many of the inhabitants gives them the means of adopting such pursuits themselves, or encouraging them in others. . . . The extensive traffic of the Greeks of Joánnina is further a means of rendering this city a sort of mart for books, whence they are diffused over other parts of Greece.

He then describes the two academies in the city—the Gymnasium of Athanasius Psallida, then considered one of the first scholars of Greece, and well acquainted too with other countries and with all sides of a liberal education—and an academy, preparatory to the first, which was superintended by a certain Balanos, and mainly supported by the noble and patriotic family of the Zosimades, themselves Jánninites, whose work in this direction included the funds which enabled Koraes to form his Hellenic library, and generally advance Greek learning.† Mr. Holland's account of the Greek society of the place, when we consider that it was written nine years before the revolution, shows that it really held at that time a position almost unique in Greece.‡ M. Pougueville, for many years French consul-general at the court of Ali, adds his testimony to the same effect, and after enumerating their various educational institutions, etc., proceeds to name certain natives who had produced literary works, including Meletius, author of the "Geography and Ecclesiastical History," and others whose labors lay in the less striking, but at that time for Greece no less necessary direction of compiling from, and translating, foreign works on

history, mathematics, and natural science.*

I will not weary my readers with more extracts, but hasten to conclude the historical sketch. During the last two years of Ali's rule, when he had been formally declared a rebel by the Porte, the city was many times sacked and burnt. Ali was killed in 1821, and from that time down to the administration of Mehmet Rechit Pasha in 1830, Jánnina was constantly exposed to the inroads of Albanians returning from the insurgent provinces of Greece, and was practically stripped of Christian inhabitants, some having taken refuge in foreign countries, others being engaged in the struggle for independence. When the Greek kingdom was constituted, and, to the great disappointment of its old citizens, Jánnina excluded from the frontier, only a few of these found their way back, and the city was repopled by Greek inhabitants from other parts of Epirus.

Since that time, in spite of the disadvantages of Turkish rule, learning has recovered the check given to it by so many years of devastation and oppression, and its present condition is a most remarkable instance of the thirst of the Greeks for education. The chief school or gymnasium for secondary instruction, founded by the brothers Zosimus in 1828, and still bearing their name (Zossiméon), contains seven hundred pupils; there are also in the city five schools of mutual instruction (a method first introduced at Jánnina), with two thousand pupils, three girls' schools with over four hundred pupils, two infants' schools, and a normal school in course of formation. Jánnina, being still Turkish soil, is not included in the list of educational centres given by M. Mansolas in his admirable little pamphlet, "*La Grèce à l'Exposition Universelle de Paris en 1878*;" but we may learn from his pages that nearly five hundred students from Epirus are now passing through the University of Athens. The sum spent by the city on its educational institutions out of legacies and endowments made for this purpose, has been estimated at nearly 6,000*l.* per annum. As regards population, though statistics under Turkish administration are always matters of uncertainty, we may say roughly that the city contains altogether about nineteen thousand inhabitants, of which twelve thousand are Christian Greeks, forty-five hundred Mussulmen (Turks and Albanians), and about twenty-five hundred Jews. Few cities in Europe,

* It will be a point of interest to English readers to remember that the first canto of "Childe Harold" was commenced, as the author's diaries inform us, at this very Joánnina, on Oct. 31, 1809.

† The numerous instances of such well-directed generosity on the part of wealthy Greeks in assisting their needy countrymen to get a foreign education, and in founding schools and various other institutions, afford not the least encouraging sign of the future of the nation. Some idea of what has been done in this way may be gained from M. Mansolas's pamphlet, "*La Grèce à l'Exposition de Paris en 1878*."

‡ Holland's Travels (1815), pp. 151, 199.

* *Voyage de la Grèce*, vol. I., pp. 150, 199.

with proportionate population, can rival it in educational activity. The language universally spoken is Greek, Albanian and Vlachian being entirely confined to the country districts. This is so much the case that even the Turkish official gazette of the vilayet of Jánina is called *Jánina*, and printed in Greek.*

Before finally summing up the foregoing results, and indicating the conclusion to be drawn, a few words must be said about the Albanians, who have been more than once mentioned in the preceding pages, and can hardly be left out of the present question. Many theories have been promulgated as to their origin; some considering them to be Slavs who found their way into these parts from Mount Caucasus, others believing them to be descended from the ancient Illyrians. This latter view, which is the more probable, was held by Col. Leake, is not denied by Finlay, and forms the basis of a recent inquiry by the well-known geographer, Dr. H. Kiepert, into the ethnography of Epirus.† Kiepert maintains that the old Greek inhabitants of Epirus—the descendants of the Molossians, and of the subjects of Pyrrhus—were mostly destroyed by the Slav inroads of the sixth and seventh centuries, and that the Greek element of to-day is due rather to the rapid re-Hellenizing of the Morea and central Greece in the ninth century by Greeks from Asia Minor. The Albanians, on the other hand, are descended from the ancient Illyrians, and are thus possibly remnants of the primitive population of the country. But in southern Albania (or Epirus), which alone enters into the present question, they are, in his opinion, practically Greeks in language, in sympathy, and in ideas. Many of them were driven from the mountain regions of Epirus by the Turks between the fifteenth and eighteenth centuries, and formed colonies in Argolis, Attica, Bœotia, and southern Eubœa, in no way now to be distinguished from the surrounding population. Their sympathy with Greek ideas is testified by the active and prominent part they took in the war of independence, several of the

great leaders—Botzarès, Miaoules, and others—being Albanians by descent.*

Another distinguished writer, M. Albert Dumont, has an extremely curious and interesting chapter on the Albanians in his volume "*Le Balkan et l'Adriatique*" (1873), founded on personal observation and on full knowledge of the literature of the subject. He shows them to be of Indo-European descent, and possibly nearer akin to the Latins than the Greeks. In northern Albania, which has never really been conquered, they live a life of primeval simplicity, still maintaining customs which we associate with Homeric times and which curiously illustrate the childhood of the world. They have no alphabet, and make use, when they do attempt to commit words to writing, of Turkish or Greek letters indiscriminately. On the coasts, Greek and Albanian are equally spoken. In southern Albania, and especially in the vilayets of Jánina and Prevesa, the Greek element largely preponderates, and the Albanians mostly speak Greek, and are impregnated with Hellenism.† This fact cannot be too strongly insisted upon just now, when we are hearing of an Albanian deputation to the great powers protesting against the cession of any part of Epirus to Greece.‡ That these deputies represent the feeling of a majority of their countrymen in the districts under discussion is not for a moment to be believed. The more probable supposition is that they are merely ambitious politicians anxious for self-advancement, or acting under Turkish instigation. In any case, statistics just

* Nowhere at that time were greater sacrifices made, or more brilliant feats of heroism performed than in this part of Epirus, where we also find the Suliotes, whose long and glorious struggle against Turkish dominion is frequently referred to by Lord Byron and other contemporary writers. See especially Finlay, vol. vi., pp. 82, 84ff.

† This division of the Albanians into Albanians pure and simple (in the north), half-and-half Albanians and Greeks (on the coasts), and Hellenized Albanians (in the south), is practically laid down by Hahn in his *Albanischen Studien*, the standard authority for the main features of the subject. The division corresponds to real divergence of character, the southern Albanians, or Toschkes, being always distinguished from the Gœgues of the north, though all alike are included under the general name of Skipetars. The difference of dialect too is very considerable.

‡ These deputies will shortly be in London. The *Daily News* of April 17 asserts, on apparently good authority, that they are all Mussulmans (and therefore presumably under Turkish influence); one is a native of Berat, a place considerably north of the disputed region; one is a cousin of the Turkish minister at Rome, though his tenants are all Greeks; the third was disqualified as a commissioner in the frontier question by his well-known enmity to Greece. Epirote deputies are following on the heels of the Albanians, and the Greeks are so sure of their representing the true feeling of the population that they have offered to refer the matter to a plebiscite.

* The following sentence appeared in the above-mentioned gazette at the time of the Treaty of San Stefano: "Epirus will never forget that she is the primeval Greece (*ἀρχαία Ἑλλάς*), the first halting-place of Hellenism; that here were born letters and religion, hence disseminated over the rest of Greece." It may here be mentioned that Greek was the regular language at Ali Pasha's court, and all state documents were drawn up in it. A Greek letter from the pasha to Lord Byron is given (in facsimile) in Hobhouse's "Travels."

† Published in the Proceedings of the Gesellschaft für Erdkunde für 1878. (Vol. xii., part 3.)

published show that in the portion of Epirus proposed by the Congress for cession to Greece, viz., (the sandjaks of Jánnina and Prevesa), the Albanians only represent one-seventh of the population, the numbers being 190,770 Greek-speaking people against 55,900 Albanians, of whom 20,000 are Christians. The same table establishes the further fact that out of a total of 257,170 inhabitants, 206,700 are Christians, 46,700 Mussulmans, and 3,700 Jews.

What then is the moral of the facts hereinbefore laid down? We have seen that Jánnina, whose very name (*τὴ Ἰωάννινα*) is and always has been Greek, has through a long and chequered career constantly preserved its Greek character, so that even under Turkish rule Greek has been recognized as the official language. We have seen it preserving this language in unrivalled purity, taking the lead in the revival of its study, and keeping the torch of Greek culture steadily burning at a time when the rest of Greece was sunk in barbarism. We have seen it under its famous Albanian pasha deservedly regarded as the literary capital of the country. We have seen it, after the desolation caused by the noble struggle, in which its citizens shared (though refused in the end the very prize for which they had fought), rise again, phoenix-like, to a position second to none but Athens in the Greek kingdom, and in proportion to its size, second to few cities in the world. Can we wonder that Jánnina, with such a history, should aspire to union with the people for whom it has done so much? Can we wonder that that people feels indignant at the idea of its exclusion from the liberty they themselves enjoy, and resists the transfer of a seat of learning to a power which, from the burning of the library of Alexandria to the present day, has been emphatically hostile to literature? That there are military reasons for the unwillingness of the Turks to give the place up we can readily understand, but that such reasons should override the natural aspirations of a people longing to be free, and proved worthy of freedom, is an injustice which should not be tolerated by a generation which has seen with approval so many nations claiming and winning their rights of free existence. That our own country should be a party to such an act would surely rouse shame and indignation in every English breast. Nor can it be contended that to give Greece the territory recommended at the Berlin Congress would disturb the peace of Europe. The surest element of

future ferment is to be found in natural aspirations unsatisfied. If it has been said that the achievement of a strong and united Italy is a pledge of peace to the whole south of Europe, such an assertion would, in its measure, be no less true in the case of Greece. Putting aside then our boasted sympathy with all lovers of liberty, our interests and our love of peace and quietness alike point to a support of the just claims of Greece as the surest means of attaining these ends, and the more so that even now, in spite of all that our government has done to contradict such an idea, the Greeks persist in looking upon us as friends and allies. France is setting us the example of action which we should have been the first to initiate. Let us at least not hesitate to support her efforts. It is hard to believe that the Turks would not yield to such pressure as would thus be brought to bear upon them.*

GEORGE A. MACMILLAN.

* The debate in the House of Commons on April 17th ought to have done much to show English people on which side their weight ought to be thrown. The admirable arguments of the opener, of Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, of Mr. Gladstone, and of Sir Charles Dilke, could not be gainsaid, and the government made no attempt to gainsay them. Though the motion was lost on division we may hope that something will now really be done.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

TRUTH OF INTERCOURSE.

AMONG sayings that have a currency in spite of being wholly false upon the face of them for the sake of a half-truth upon another subject which is accidentally combined with the error, one of the grossest and broadest conveys the monstrous proposition that it is easy to tell the truth and hard to tell a lie. I wish heartily it were. But the truth is one; it has first to be discovered, then justly and exactly uttered. Even with instruments specially contrived for such a purpose—with a foot-rule, a level or a theodolite—it is not easy to be exact; it is easier, alas! to be inexact. From those who mark the divisions on a scale to those who measure the boundaries of empires or the distance of the heavenly stars it is by careful method and minute, unwearying attention that men rise even to material exactness or to sure knowledge even of external and constant things. But it is easier to draw the outline of a mountain than the changing appearance of a face; and truth in human relations is of this more intangible and dubious order:

hard to seize, harder to communicate. Veracity to facts in a loose, colloquial sense — not to say that I have been in Malabar when as a matter of fact I was never out of England, not to say that I have read Cervantes in the original when as a matter of fact I know not one syllable of Spanish — this, indeed, is easy, and to the same degree unimportant in itself. Lies of this sort, according to circumstances, may or may not be important; in a certain sense even they may or may not be false. The habitual liar may be a very honest fellow, and live truly with his wife and friends; while another man who never told a formal falsehood in his life may yet be himself one lie — heart and face, from top to bottom. This is the kind of lie which poisons intimacy. And, *vice versa*, veracity to sentiment, truth in a relation, truth to your own heart and your friend, never to feign or falsify emotion — that is the truth which makes love possible and mankind happy.

L'art de bien dire is but a drawing-room accomplishment unless it be pressed into the service of the truth. The difficulty of literature is not to write, but to write what you mean; not to affect your reader, but to affect him precisely as you wish. This is commonly understood in the case of books or set orations; even in making your will, or writing an explicit letter, some difficulty is admitted by the world. But one thing you can never make Philistine natures understand; one thing, which yet lies on the surface, remains as unseizable to their wits as a high flight of metaphysics — namely, that the business of life is mainly carried on by means of this difficult art of literature, and according to a man's proficiency in that art shall be the freedom and the fulness of his intercourse with other men. Anybody, it is supposed, can say what he means; and, in spite of their notorious experience to the contrary, people so continue to suppose. Now, I simply open the last book I have been reading — Mr. Leland's captivating "English Gipsies." "It is said," I find on page 7, "that those who can converse with Irish peasants in their own native tongue form far higher opinions of their appreciation of the beautiful, and of the elements of humor and pathos in their hearts, than do those who know their thoughts only through the medium of English. I know from my own observations that this is quite the case with the Indians of North America, and it is unquestionably so with the gipsy." In short, where a man has not a full possession of the language, the most important,

because the most amiable, qualities of his nature have to lie buried and fallow; for the pleasure of comradeship, and the intellectual part of love, rest upon these very "elements of humor and pathos." Here is a man opulent in both, and for lack of a medium he can put none of it out to interest in the market of affection! But what is thus made plain to our apprehensions in the case of a foreign language is partially true even with the tongue we learned in childhood. Indeed we all speak different dialects; one shall be copious and exact, another loose and meagre; but the speech of the ideal talker shall correspond and fit upon the truth of fact — not clumsily, obscuring lineaments, like a mantle, but cleanly adhering, like an athlete's skin. And what is the result? That the one can open himself more clearly to his friends, and can enjoy more of what makes life truly valuable — intimacy with those he loves.

An orator makes a false step; he employs some trivial, some absurd, some vulgar phrase; in the turn of a sentence he insults, by a side wind, those whom he is laboring to charm; in speaking to one sentiment he unconsciously ruffles another in parenthesis; and you are not surprised, for you know his task to be delicate and filled with perils. "O frivolous mind of man, light ignorance!" As if yourself, when you seek to explain some misunderstanding or excuse some apparent fault, speaking swiftly and addressing a mind still recently incensed, were not harnessing for a more perilous adventure; as if yourself required less tact and eloquence; as if an angry friend or a suspicious lover were not more easy to offend than a meeting of indifferent politicians! Nay, and the orator treads in a beaten round; the matters he discusses have been discussed a thousand times before; language is ready-shaped to his purpose; he speaks out of a cut and dry vocabulary. But you — may it not be that your defence reposes on some subtlety of feeling, not so much as touched upon in Shakespeare, to express which, like a pioneer, you must venture forth into zones of thought still unsurveyed, and become yourself a literary innovator? For even in love there are unlovely humors; ambiguous acts, unpardonable words, may yet have sprung from a kind sentiment. If the injured one could read your heart, you may be sure that he would understand and pardon; but, alas! the heart cannot be shown — it has to be demonstrated in words. Do you think it is a hard thing to write poetry?

Why, that is to write poetry, and of a high, if not the highest, order.

I should even more admire "the lifelong and heroic literary labors" of my fellow-men, patiently clearing up in words their loves and their contentions, and speaking their autobiography daily to their wives, were it not for a circumstance which lessens their difficulty and my admiration by equal parts. For life, though largely, is not entirely carried on by literature. We are subject to physical passions and contortions; the voice breaks and changes, and speaks by unconscious and winning inflections; we have legible countenances, like an open book; things that cannot be said look eloquently through the eyes; and the soul, not locked into the body as a dun-geon, dwells ever on the threshold with appealing signals. Groans and tears, looks and gestures, a flush or a paleness, are often the most clear reporters of the heart, and speak more directly to the hearts of others. The message flies by these interpreters in the least space of time, and the misunderstanding is averted in the moment of its birth. To explain in words takes time and a just and patient hearing; and in the critical epochs of a close relation, patience and justice are not qualities on which we can rely. But the look or the gesture explains things in a breath; they tell their message without ambiguity; unlike speech, they cannot stumble, by the way, on a reproach or an allusion that should steel your friend against the truth; and then they have a higher authority, for they are the direct expression of the heart, not yet transmitted through the unfaithful and sophisticating brain. Not long ago I wrote a letter to a friend which came near involving us in quarrel; but we met, and in personal talk I repeated the worst of what I had written, and added worse to that; and with the commentary of the body it seemed not unfriendly either to hear or say. Indeed, letters are in vain for the purposes of intimacy; an absence is a dead break in the relation; yet two who know each other fully and are bent on perpetuity in love, may so preserve the attitude of their affections that they may meet on the same terms as they had parted.

Pitiful is the case of the blind, who cannot read the face; pitiful that of the deaf, who cannot follow the changes of the voice. And there are others also to be pitied; for there are some of an inert, uneloquent nature, who have been denied all the symbols of communication, who have neither a lively play of facial expression,

nor speaking gestures, nor a responsive voice, nor yet the gift of frank, explanatory speech. People truly made of clay, people tied for life into a bag which no one can undo. They are poorer than the gipsy, for their heart can speak no language under heaven. Such people we must learn slowly by the tenor of their acts, or through yea and nay communications; or we take them on trust on the strength of a general air, and now and again, when we see the spirit breaking through in a flash, correct or change our estimate. But these will be uphill intimacies, without charm or freedom, to the end; and freedom is the chief ingredient in confidence. Some minds, romantically dull, despise physical endowments. That is a doctrine for a misanthrope; to those who like their fellow-creatures it must always be meaningless; and, for my part, I can see few things more desirable, after the possession of such radical qualities as honor and humor and pathos, than to have a lively and not a stolid countenance; to have looks to correspond with every feeling; to be elegant and delightful in person, so that we shall please even in the intervals of active pleasing, and may never discredit speech with uncouth manners and become unconsciously our own burlesques. But of all unfortunates there is one creature (for I will not call him man) conspicuous in misfortune. This is he who has forfeited his birthright of expression, who has cultivated artful intonations, who has taught his face tricks, like a pet monkey, and on every side perverted or cut off his means of communication with his fellow-men. The body is a house of many windows: there we all sit, showing ourselves and crying on the passers-by to come and love us. But this fellow has filled his windows with opaque glass, elegantly colored. His house may be admired for its design, the crowd may pause before the stained windows, but meanwhile the poor proprietor must lie languishing within, uncomfortable, unchangeably alone.

Truth of intercourse is something more difficult than to refrain from open lies. It is possible to avoid falsehood and yet not tell the truth. It is not enough to answer formal questions. To reach the truth by yea and nay communications implies a questioner with a share of inspiration, such as is often found in mutual love. *Yea* and *nay* mean nothing; the meaning must have been related in the question. Many words are often necessary to convey a very simple statement; for in this sort of exercise we never hit the gold; the most that we

can hope is by many arrows, more or less far off on different sides, to indicate, in the course of time, for what target we are aiming, and after an hour's talk, back and forward, to convey the purport of a single principle or a single thought. And yet while the curt, pithy speaker misses the point entirely, a wordy, prolegomenous babbler will often add three new offences in the process of excusing one. 'Tis really a most delicate affair. The world was made before the English language, and seemingly upon a different design. Suppose we held our converse not in words, but in music; those who have a bad ear would find themselves cut off from all near commerce, and no better than foreigners in this big world. But we do not consider how many have "a bad ear" for words, nor how often the most eloquent find nothing to reply. I hate questioners and questions; there are so few that can be spoken to without a lie. "*Do you forgive me?*" Madam and sweetheart, so far as I have gone in life I have never yet been able to discover what forgiveness means. "*Is it still the same between us?*" Why, how can it be? It is eternally different; and yet you are still the friend of my heart. "*Do you understand me?*" God knows; I should think it highly improbable.

The cruellest lies are often told in silence. A man may have sat in a room for hours and not opened his teeth, and yet come out of that room a disloyal friend or a vile calumniator. And how many loves have perished because, from pride, or spite, or diffidence, or that unmanly shame which withholds a man from daring to betray a emotion, a lover, at the critical point of the relation, has but hung his head and held his tongue? And, again, a lie may be told by a truth, or a truth conveyed through a lie. Truth to facts is not always truth to sentiments; and part of the truth, as often happens in answer to a question, may be the foulest calumny. A fact may be an exception; but the feeling is the law, and it is that which you must neither garble nor belie. The whole tenor of a conversation is a part of the meaning of each separate statement; the beginning and the end define and travesty the intermediate conversation. You never speak to God; you address a fellow-man, full of his own tempers; and to tell truth rightly understood, is not to state the true facts, but to convey a true impression; truth in spirit, not truth to letter, is the true veracity. To reconcile averted friends a Jesuitical discretion is often needful, not so much to gain a kind hearing as to communicate

sober truth. Women have an ill name in this connection; yet they live in as true relations; the lie of a good woman is the true index of her heart.

"It takes," says Thoreau in the noblest and most useful passage I remember to have read in any modern author,* "two to speak truth—one to speak and another to hear." He must be very little experienced, or have no great zeal for truth, who does not recognize the fact. A grain of anger or a grain of suspicion produces strange acoustical effects, and makes the ear greedy to remark offence. Hence we find those who have once quarrelled carry themselves distantly, and are ever ready to break the truce. To speak truth there must be moral equality or else no respect; and hence between parent and child intercourse is apt to degenerate into a verbal fencing bout, and misapprehensions to become ingrained. And there is another side to this, for the parent begins with an imperfect notion of the child's character, formed in early years or during the equinoctial gales of youth; to this he adheres, noting only the facts which suit with his preconception; and wherever a person fancies himself unjustly judged, he at once and finally gives up the effort to speak truth. With our chosen friends, on the other hand, and still more between lovers (for mutual understanding is love's essence), the truth is easily indicated by the one and aptly comprehended by the other. A hint taken, a look understood, conveys the gist of long and delicate explanations; and where the life is known even *yes* and *no* become luminous. In the closest of all relations—that of a love well founded and equally shared—speech is half-discarded, like a roundabout, infantile process or a ceremony of formal etiquette; and the two communicate directly by their presences, and with few looks and fewer words contrive to share their good and evil and uphold each other's hearts in joy. For love rests upon a physical basis; it is a familiarity of nature's making and apart from voluntary choice. Understanding has in some sort outrun knowledge, for the affection, perhaps, began with the acquaintance; and as it was not made like other relations, so it is not, like them, to be perturbed or clouded. Each knows more than can be uttered; each lives by faith, and believes by a natural compulsion; and between man and wife the language of the body is largely developed and

* A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers, Wednesday, p. 283.

grown strangely eloquent. The thought that prompted and was conveyed in a caress would only lose to be set down in words—aye, although Shakespeare himself should be the scribe.

Yet it is in these dear intimacies, beyond all others, that we must strive and do battle for the truth. Let but a doubt arise, and, alas! all the previous intimacy and confidence is but another charge against the person doubted. "*What a monstrous dishonesty is this if I have been deceived so long and so completely!*" Let but that thought gain entrance, and you plead before a deaf tribunal. Appeal to the past; why, that is your crime! Make all clear, convince the reason; alas! speciousness is but a proof against you. "*If you can abuse me now the more likely that you have abused me from the first.*"

For a strong affection such moments are worth supporting, and they will end well; for your advocate is in your lover's heart and speaks her own language; it is not you but she herself who can defend and clear you of the charge. But in slighter intimacies, and for a less stringent union? Indeed, is it worth while? We are all *incompris*, only more or less concerned for the mischance; all trying wrongly to do right; all fawning at each other's feet like dumb, neglected lap-dogs. Sometimes we catch an eye—this is our opportunity in the ages—and we wag our tail with a poor smile. "*Is that all?*" All? If you only knew! But how can they know? They do not love us; the more fools we to squander life on the indifferent.

But the morality of the thing, you will be glad to hear, is excellent; for it is only by trying to understand others that we can get our own hearts understood; and in matters of human feeling the clement judge is the most successful pleader.

R. L. S.

From The Economist.

THE NECESSITY OF APPOINTING A FINANCIAL VICEROY OF INDIA.

THERE can be little doubt that her Majesty's government, when once relieved from the immediate pressure of foreign affairs, will be compelled to turn their serious attention to Indian finance. The situation of the Indian treasury, though far from hopeless is becoming exceedingly grave, and the strong measures of relief now proposed, such as Sir S. Northcote's

offer of two millions, and Mr. Stanhope's demand for the right to borrow ten millions, will speedily produce an irresistible feeling in Parliament, that Indian finance must at any hazard be remodelled. Nor is there much doubt that the *modus operandi* ultimately adopted will either be the despatch of an accomplished English financier as minister of finance, or the selection of a financial governor-general, with special instructions and special powers. The remaining alternative, that of sending out a financial commission, though it will be strongly pressed, involves too much delay, would probably not be effectual, except in collecting a body of information most of which already exists, and would be strongly resisted by the official class in India, who would think it a commission of investigation into their mistakes. They would declare that government was impossible while an English commission was on the spot to listen to all complaints. The first plan is the more probable one. It is justified by precedent, for Mr. James Wilson, who was sent out in 1858, did undoubtedly extricate the treasury from its difficulties, and place it once more in a sound position. Precedent has great influence on governments, and so has convenience, and it is easier to find a financier fit to control the Indian treasury, than one who is also fit to govern the whole empire. Moreover, the prejudice in favor of selecting the viceroy from among the peers is strong, and can be defended by many plausible arguments; and there is scarcely any peer available who could be trusted to regulate a very complicated, very unsound, and very difficult system of finance. Peers learn statesmanship very often, but they seldom have either the opportunity or the inclination to study finance. Nevertheless we believe it to be essential that the financier should be the viceroy, and we propose to point out why this is the only practicable method of securing the indispensable reforms.

In the first place no financier sent out to India merely as a member of the Indian Cabinet can possess the necessary authority to effect any important changes. He has, so to speak, no authority of his own, all legal power being vested in the viceroy, who is king and premier too, like an American president. His colleagues, each of whom is really, though not nominally, head of a great department, are naturally impatient of his interference, and he is obliged to enforce his views either by argument, which is a slow process, or through the viceroy, with whom rests, and must rest, all substantial power, and who may not

agree with him. Indeed, the viceroy is very likely not to agree with him. He is thinking partly of the requirements of government, partly of his policy, and partly of his own reputation, and it is disagreeable to him to be checked at every turn by considerations of finance. Yet, unless the viceroy is not only favorable to, but actively interested in, economy, the finance minister may be nearly powerless. He may, for instance, consider certain rearrangements in the military department essential to heavy savings. He proposes to reduce the army by ten thousand Europeans, and to meet the danger of the reduction by fusing the Bombay and Madras armies into one, and redistributing the stations with a view to greater concentration of force. This proposal, which has repeatedly been made, and might save 2,000,000*l.* a year, could not be carried against army feeling and the Horse Guards, and the soldiers in Parliament, without the determined support of the viceroy, who would hardly care to encounter so much opposition for the plan of another man for which he would himself obtain but little credit. As to its being actually done without discussion, or further references home, that is impossible, as the viceroy cannot be held responsible for the safety of India, and yet be deprived of his troops at the discretion of a subordinate. Or the finance minister proposes that the system of public works be radically altered by being transferred to the presidency governments, with orders to provide for them exclusively from local funds. That great change of policy, which will probably be made one day, would affect the very constitution of the empire, and unless the viceroy insisted on it with his whole power would probably never be adopted. Nor would any other economy, however large, or however small, each department resisting to the utmost, each showing that the reduction will impede this or that branch of progress, and each being "represented," that is defended, by its own head, who is in the Cabinet. No influence can overbear this resistance except that of the viceroy, partly because the legal power resides with him, and partly because the officials, who look to him and not to the finance minister for promotion, are disinclined to show themselves openly hostile to his policy, and unless they are convinced of the presence of a public danger — as was the case with regard to the income tax — will not do it. No doubt an appeal would be made to England, but that appeal, on a controversial point, takes years, and might not even then succeed

unless the Indian authorities were unanimous. The finance minister, in fact, instead of reducing expenditure, would be employed in writing argumentative despatches in favor of such and such suggested reductions. This difficulty did not occur with Mr. James Wilson, but that was because the Mutiny had produced a set of circumstances under which all alike felt that he must be left comparatively free, or the empire and the services together would go to pieces. Many things are possible when circumstances are desperate which would not be attempted under the ordinary routine.

This argument is still stronger when applied to questions of policy. It is true that Indian finance does not depend upon policy quite so completely as English finance. The army is not voted every year, and changes are seldom made, the cardinal point that the empire must be sufficiently garrisoned being taken as a fixed datum. But still what is called an active policy in India costs much more money than a passive one, and a policy of "progress" — that is of expenditure irrespective of surpluses — much more than a policy of "inaction" — that is of improvement when funds admit of it. A department like that of public works, or education, or hygiene, or even justice, will, if strongly urged forward, cost very much more than if let alone, and its pace depends upon the viceroy, who acts not only on what he deems expedient, but on instructions from home, on his knowledge of what is required at home, and on his view as to what is expected of his own reputation. No minister of finance could have stopped the war in Afghanistan, or resisted the annexation of the northern hills, or recommended that a non-paying province should be cheaply governed, or advised or resisted any of the larger schemes, called here "imperial" schemes, which, in the end, fill or deplete the treasury. Still less could he insist on remodelling the most unmanageable of all Indian outlays — those which involve remittances to England for purchases, for pensions, for interest on loans, for anything ordered by the India Office, which is above the government on the spot. A viceroy determined that all future pensions and allowances should be paid in Calcutta in silver, and remitted at the receiver's discretion, might be able to carry his plan, but a finance minister would be compelled to argue it for years. For — and this is the keynote of the whole argument — no person in India except the viceroy can act on his own responsibility. Every one else

only advises, and as his advice must be accepted, first, by the viceroy, then by his Cabinet, then by the secretary of state, then by the Council of India, and then, possibly, by Parliament, the time consumed is very great — so great that, when final orders are given, the minister has often gone home, and an entirely different set of circumstances has arisen. The finance minister is, therefore, deterred from recommending, or even planning, far-reaching schemes, and driven to those reforms, chiefly in taxation and accounts, which he can more or less carry of his own authority, or at all events, with the consent of colleagues who on such points have no temptation to oppose him.

A viceroy acquainted with finance, on the other hand, and assured of strong personal support at home, has much less difficulty. He is, legally, the government, and that consideration not only affects those below him, but also his own mind. If he has determined on great military reductions he can, unless stopped from home, himself make them. He can himself arrest, as Lord Lytton has just done, the outlay on public works. He can insist, as Lord Lytton has just done, that the budget shall take such and such a shape. He can reduce the native army. He can order that no proposal for new

permanent expenditure shall be even sent up to him. And he can practically, as well as virtually, impose new taxation, or refuse a tempting war, or declare that such and such a province, as it does not pay, must be entrusted to native administrators. He has, in fact, unless resisted at home, most of the power which in this country resides in Parliament, and if he has the confidence of the country, which is very readily given to strong men, may exercise it with some freedom. It is from him that large measures must come, and if the situation of the Indian treasury requires large measures he should be able to deal with it from his own knowledge, unhesitatingly, and without the Indian customary impediment of endless and exasperating writing. No such power will or can be entrusted except to a man who is at once a financier and viceroy; and it is such a man that, when the time is ripe for financial reform, India will need. That time should not be too long delayed, for the burden of debt is mounting until, as Mr. Gladstone openly said, there is real danger that the only way of extricating the Indian treasury from its difficulties may be a British guarantee, which would impose on this country a liability nearly equal to the burden imposed upon France by the German war.

THE UNION JACK. — Our national flag at the present day is the Union Jack — a combination of the flags of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick, the patron saints of England, Scotland, and Ireland. It is only since the union of Ireland, which took place in 1801, that this banner has been in use. Indeed, the first Union Jack we possessed dates no further back than 1606, after the union of the crowns of England and Scotland by James I. This flag consisted of a combination of the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, and was in 1707 constituted by royal proclamation the national flag after the union of the Parliaments of the two countries. To unite the three crosses into a harmonious whole has been now satisfactorily accomplished. The cross of St. George is red on a white ground, that of St. Andrew a white cross in this form

x (called a saltire) on an azure ground, that of St. Patrick a red saltire on a white ground, and you will find each of these crosses distinctly visible on our present national banner. On our bronze money you will also find upon the shield of Britannia a tolerably accurate representation of the Union Jack. With regard to the name by which our national flag is known, while "Union" seems appropriate enough, the reason why it is called a Jack is not at first apparent. It is said, however, by some to derive its name from James I. (*Jacques*), who united the kingdoms of England and Scotland; but this is not probable. The most likely derivation is from the word *jacque*, applied to the jacket or overcoat formerly worn by the British soldier, which bore the representation of a cross. Little Folks.